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ADVERTISEMENT.

In the sixteenth number of the Museum, we published two articles of considerable length, on the Rev. Edward Irving, in which he was celebrated with much warmth of eulogy. Almost all the magazines from which that number of the Museum was compiled, extolled him in the same style.—In the number for November, we took notice of the prevalence of a quite different temper in some of the leading monthly journals, and in a few words gave their general opinion.—We have since read an article in the *Christian Observer*, (upon whose opinions in religious matters and upon whose moderation and candour in *any* matter, we would as willingly rely as upon the united testimony of all the others) and deem it our duty, in justice to Mr. Irving, to make the following extracts:—

“It is scarcely possible to mention the writer of this work, within ten miles of the metropolis, without calling forth the language of exalted praise or excessive vituperation. Neither ladies nor gentlemen, however moderate on other subjects, can show any moderation upon this. It is admitted on all hands that Mr. Irving is no ordinary man; but whether he be more entitled to a bad eminence among the merely extravagant part of our species, or to a high station among the wise and the excellent of the earth; whether his principles, talents, and attainments ought to place him among the intellectual lords of the creation, or his bad taste, black hair, and Scottish dialect ought to sink him to the level of the lowest, is a point which, in the present conflict of popular opinion, is not likely soon to be decided.

“For ourselves, we strongly reprobate the practice of measuring the ministers of Christ, like scenic actors, by their voice and person and gestures; and, besides, having never yet set foot within the walls of Mr. Irving’s chapel, we must profess our utter incompetence to deliver a judgment on several matters which are said to involve his character as a public speaker, and to affect sundry classes among his hearers. Our opinion of him is formed, not from the impression produced by his personal appearance, or by the nature of his elocution, whether these be attractive or the contrary; whether, as it was said in old times of St. Paul, his presence be weak and his speech contemptible, or precisely the reverse. We can pronounce upon him only through the medium of his book.

“One of the most remarkable features of Mr. Irving’s character,
VOL. IV. No. 19.—Museum.

as we infer from the perusal of his work, is the fearless and undaunted spirit with which he avows his sentiments and feelings. An unfledged writer is usually timid in presenting himself before the tribunal of the public. He is, on most occasions, sufficiently ready to bespeak the good opinion of his readers: he takes to himself an air of modesty, which, he hopes, will conciliate even those who are unwilling to be pleased: he is careful to excite no man's jealousy, to offend no man's self-love, to invade no man's province: he presents his book with affected humility, and perhaps real fear: and, if castigated he must be, if the blue covers of the North and the brown covers of the South are determined to shut him up in a disastrous immortality, he will at least plead for every mitigation of the punishment, and be no party to his own disgrace.—Such, however, is not Mr. Irving. He comes forward in his preface with perfect fearlessness of character, with an uncompromising avowal of his views and intentions, and hurls at criticism the language of defiance. Not that he deems himself invulnerable; but that he is too chivalrous to care for assault. His very first sentence (couched in his own very singular style, of which more hereafter,) is of most uncompromising aspect; ‘It hath appeared,’ he says, ‘to the author of this book, from more than ten years’ meditation upon the subject, that the chief obstacle to the progress of divine truth over the minds of men is the want of its being properly presented to them.’—But perhaps he qualifies the passage in the next sentence; intimating that he does not apply the statement to the European subjects of Great Britain, but to heathens; or possibly to the Continent; or, if to any of our fellow subjects, that he restricts it to Ireland, or to some outlandish corner of his Majesty’s dominions. Not at all: the next sentence fixes the charge: ‘In this Christian country there are, perhaps, nine-tenths of every class who know nothing at all about the applications and advantages of the single truths of revelation, or of revelation taken as a whole: and what they do not know, they cannot be expected to reverence or obey.’—But Mr. Irving, it may still be rejoined, surely intends to cast the blame rather upon the reluctance of men to hear, than upon any defect in their instructors. If such be the impression of any one, he takes special care at once to undeceive him: ‘This ignorance,’ he adds, ‘in both the higher and the lower orders of religion, as a discerner of the thoughts and intentions of the heart, is not so much due to the want of inquisitiveness on their part, as to the want of a sedulous and skilful ministry on the part of those to whom it is entrusted.’

“If this were the only evidence which we have of our author’s moral courage and independence of spirit, and the careless indifference with which he plunges into the ranks of hostility, we might possibly be led to suspect, that, at the expense of the public teachers of religion in general, he was not unwilling to ally to himself that numerous party in the kingdom whose delight it is to trample upon the sacredness of the ministerial character, or to gratify some

narrow-minded religionists, who can see nothing good beyond the pale of their own little communion. But a candid perusal of the work will do away this suspicion. The writer holds no terms with the enemies of Revelation; he advances with the port of a man who is ready to measure weapons with them in any field which they may choose, and in full confidence of victory. And as to the views of this or that class of persons in the religious world, he stands aloof from them all; determined to propound, without reserve, whatever sentiments appear to him to be founded upon the word of God, and with an absolute unconcern as to the judgment which may be passed upon him by any human being.

"To this intrepidity of character it is probable that Mr. Irving owes much of the popularity which has attended his ministry. We love to listen to a man who in a great question refuses to compromise his independence, and in the assertion of what he deems to be the truth, reckons little upon consequences. But to this cause, likewise, must doubtless be ascribed much of that hostility which has already come upon our author, and which he may be yet doomed to experience. His confidence will be censured as presumption: his daring attempts to work a religious reformation, will be ascribed to an overweening estimate of very limited powers. The infidel will hate him; for, if his statements be true, there exists not a more contemptible thing than infidelity: no terms can express how grovelling and despicable are its nature and pretensions. The formalist will show him no reverence; for he has found none at his hands. Those who indulge in the 'virulence of party feeling, and violence of personal abuse, and cruel anatomy of men's faults and failings; and those inventions of wit and humour to disguise truth and season falsehood, which issue forth from the press among the people' (p. 94.) will array against him that formidable machine, and spare no pains to crush their assailant in the dust. Even among the ministers of religion he must expect few very cordial friends: for although Mr. Irving guards himself against the charge of intentional reflection upon their piety or zeal, what does his whole volume imply, but that he hopes to accomplish what they have been unable to effect? and what do his compressed and overflowing congregations bespeak, but the desertion of their wonted pastors to follow a new shepherd from the North? Neither let him calculate with much confidence upon the friendship of those who are considered as among the more strictly religious part of the lay community. A mind tenderly and conscientiously alive to what are considered by most seriously disposed persons to be the doctrines of divine truth, will be apprehensive lest Mr. Irving should sometimes appear to hold certain matters of importance in too little regard, or occasionally to qualify a principle which in their view cannot be too broadly stated. And as to the class of persons, be they many or few, who can tolerate no truth which is not dressed up in their own precise phraseology, there is really in this volume so much to trouble and distress them, that their con-

sciences, we should think, will not suffer them to look with any very profound veneration, certainly with no great partiality, on its author.—In this enumeration we have not mentioned all the descriptions of persons who may be expected to array themselves against him. The most formidable is yet to come; a race proverbially irritable: and, unless we are misinformed, there is gathering in a certain quarter, to which Mr. Irving has directed very pointed attention, a dark thunder-cloud, destined ere long to burst upon his head.

“ Now, without taking upon ourselves at present either very loudly to applaud or very vehemently to condemn that bold and uncompromising spirit which the author has infused into every page of his writings, and which, as we suppose, appears likewise in his pulpit ministrations, with action and attitude suited to make it still more obvious and remarkable; it is incumbent upon us to say, that, as far as we can judge from his book, his confidence appears to be not so much in himself as in his subject. Although possessing very considerable powers, and evidently conscious that he possesses them, yet it is the great cause itself, the cause of Eternal Truth, which appears to impel him to the conflict; and it seems to be under the solemn sense of its importance and its dignity that he appeals with such unyielding resolution to the hearts and understandings and consciences of men. In the high and commanding tone which he so frequently assumes, he does not appear to seek to magnify himself, but to set forth with due authority the mighty interests of religion; and, with the strong conviction that the cause in which he is engaged is the noblest in the world, and that his argument is one which involves the everlasting destiny of mankind, he may venture, we think, to plead in his vindication, that he can hardly be too bold in the assertion of the truth, or too earnest and authoritative in the enforcement of it.

“ A writer who avows it as his object to stir up the public mind, and challenges the regard of the more refined and intellectual classes of society, ‘imaginative men, and political men, and legal men, and medical men,’ will certainly subject himself to some inquiry as to his qualifications for the task; and Mr. Irving must not expect that the question shall always be put in the most friendly tone, or the scrutiny carried on in the most impartial manner. A very slight acquaintance with the volume now in our hands, will satisfy any man that he has to do with a writer who will not be fettered, either as to his opinions or his language: if he succeed at all as an author, his success will be remarkable: if he fail, he will fail most egregiously. A passage has been selected from this work, and copied by one hostile publication after another, with a view of exposing him to general ridicule and contempt: the passage is certainly in the very worst taste; but it is not a fair specimen of his talent for composition. A more extensive examination would show, that at least every paragraph is not liable to such exceptions; and that, in the midst of some things which we cannot but censure,

there are many which extort our approbation. With all his faults—and we mean not to extenuate them—there is an energy of mind, a vigour of intellect, a strength of reasoning, and a force of appeal, which we seldom have the privilege to witness in these later days. Mr. Irving is evidently a man of commanding intellect; and it is equally evident that his intellect has not been suffered to lie idle. His powers have been well exercised, though not strictly disciplined. He has been conversant with the master spirits of other times; and if on this account he sometimes talks in a dialect which sounds strange to modern ears, his eloquence, nevertheless, is often of a very high order and his impassioned appeals are almost irresistible. We have heard of the excitement which his addresses from the pulpit have produced upon some who are not easily to be excited: we have heard of the impression, as to the importance of religion, on certain individuals who were not likely to be soon affected; and we doubt not the correctness of these statements; there are several passages in this volume, which, aided by an ardent and energetic delivery, could scarcely fail to arrest the most thoughtless and to awaken the most torpid of a congregation."

The book has just been republished in Philadelphia, and our readers may now judge for themselves.

THE October number of Blackwood's Magazine contains a review of Hogg's *Perils of Women*, which thus concludes—

"Now, James Hogg, Shepherd of Ettrick, and would-be author of the Chaldee Manuscript, and of the murder of Begbie, this style of thinking and writing will not by any means enable your pot to boil, as we wish it to do. The public taste is not very refined, not over-delicate; but there are things innumerable in these three volumes, which the public will not bolt. You have no intention to be an immoral writer, and we acquit you of that; but you have an intention to be a most unmannerly writer, and of that you are found and declared guilty. You think you are showing your knowledge of human nature, in these your coarse daubings; and that you are another Shakspeare. But consider that a writer may be indelicate, coarse, gross, even beastly, and yet not at all natural. We have heard such vulgarity objected to even in Glasgow; and it is not thought readable aloud at the Largs. Confound us, if we ever saw in print any thing at all resembling some of your female fancies; and if you go on at this rate, you will be called before the Kirk Session. This may be thought vigour by many of your friends in the Auld Town, and originality, and genius, and so forth; deal it out to them in full measure over the gin-jug, or even the tea-cup; but it will not do at a Public Entertainment. It is impossible to know you, James, and not love and admire you; and we frankly tell you of your errors, before your books are sent to Coventry. You are a man of an original mind: a shrewd, noticing,

intelligent man. Nay, more than that, a man of fancy and imagination. What is the use of sickening you with our eternal praises? You are worth twenty score of Stots and dogs; and have written what will make your name remembered with respect ages after the broad laugh on your honest countenance has been extinguished. But you know little or nothing of the real powers and capacities of James Hogg, and would fain be the fine gentleman, the painter of manners, and the dissector of hearts. That will never do in this world. Your book will sell; we know that, else we never had indited the good matter of this article. But only take our advice, and your books to come will make you a Cock-Laird."

The "West India Controversy," as it is there styled, occupies 22 of Blackwood's closely printed pages, principally against the interference of Messrs. Wilberforce, Macauley, and others, in relation to slavery in the West Indies. The ministry, it is said, are anxious to improve the system as rapidly as it safely can be done, and ought not to be thwarted by a set of men who know not what they do.—A great deal of coarse invective is issued against the talents and motives of the mass of persons who have taken an earnest part in the question. The writer of the article appears to us to stand upon no better grounds than have before been occupied in defence of the present state of slavery.

M. Blaquiére and the Greek Committee have incurred the displeasure of the same critic for their attempts to afford assistance to the Greeks; which have, he says, been tolerated only because of their imbecility.

The "Sketch from Real Life," is extracted from a volume of poems lately published by Alarie A. Watts.—It is so much in the manner of *Dr. Percival*, that we looked over the collection he has just published, thinking to find it there. Mr. Watts is the author of the verses "To Octavia," the history of which is thus given by himself—

"In most of the journals, daily, weekly, and monthly, for July 1818, these verses were ascribed, with very flattering eulogiums, to the pen of no less distinguished a poet than Lord Byron; although they had been published a month before, *with the author's name*, in the EDINBURGH MAGAZINE. Their extended circulation (for which they were, of course, entirely indebted to his circumstance) affords a striking proof of the omnipotence of a NAME! The trifle which, with my own undignified patronymic, might have slumbered unmolested in the pages of a Scotch magazine until Doomsday, aided by its factitious appendage, was forthwith ushered into life, light, and popularity. Well may we say, (with a slight variation of Pope's couplet,) "

"Ascribe but to a Lord the happy lines,
How the wit brightens—how the sense refines!"

The "New Discovery" of a method of examining fluids by the

Advertisement.

microscope, with more effect than has heretofore been practicable, was made by the editor of the Technical Repository, from which work we also took the article on counteracting the effects of opium, and the communication upon Animal Charcoal.

There is a long article in the Technical Repository, on the application of Larch Bark to answer all the purposes of Oak Bark in tanning leather, in which the great superiority of the former is affirmed.

The Memoirs of Mr. Pinkney are from the Monthly Magazine, and, so far as we are qualified to judge, are much more correct than English biographical notices of American characters have generally been.—We should have been better pleased with a longer article.

The account of the "Catastrophe of Spain," given in the Monthly Magazine, is surrounded with heavy black borders, such as are used by English Newspapers when they contain accounts of the death of any of the royal family, or of other eminent persons.

"Fact or Fiction" we have taken from the British Review. "No Fiction," the first of the books reviewed, has passed through several editions in this country; but we understand that the book-sellers have declined the republication of "Martha."

The article on Montaigne's Essays is from the Retrospective Review. That on Cobbett is part of a larger piece in Blackwood's Magazine. The contrast between the *reviewers* is as great as that between the authors reviewed.

The Elegiac Stanzas are from the London Magazine.

The article on Elia from the British Critic.

The Aphorisms on Mind and Manners are by the late Dr. Aikin, and are taken from his Memoirs, &c., lately published by his daughter. There are several other articles in the work which we have marked for future publication.

The article "on Religious Novels," is part of an essay in the Edinburgh Magazine.

We have made much use of the Retrospective Review for this number. Our readers will be pleased with the article we have taken from it, on Dr. Arbuthnot, of whom but little is generally known, although his name is familiar to every schoolboy, from "Pope's Humorous Epistle," &c.

"To the Evening Star," is from the New Monthly Magazine.

Notes from the Pocket-Book of a late Opium-Eater came to us through the London Magazine.

A new fraud has been detected in England.—"The adulteration

of paper intended for printing books, by a large admixture of *gypsum*, introduced during the process of manufacture, is said to have become prevalent, even to the extent of one-fourth of the weight of the paper: a sample, which had the appearance of good paper, was lately found, on examination by an eminent chemist, to contain twelve per cent. of calcareous earth, instead of about one per cent. of accidental earthy impurities, which the best papers are found to contain. A contemporary journal describes this fraud to be effected by mixing gypsum with the rags; but more probably, we think, the gypsum, reduced by grinding to the state of a fine powder, is mixed with the pulp immediately before it is made into paper. We call on the commissioners, surveyors, and supervisors, of excise, under the immediate superintendance of whose subaltern officers all paper is made, to do their duty to the public, in detecting and bringing to justice the practisers of this shameful fraud; and that like measures may be extended to the manufacture of thick brown papers and pasteboards, to prevent the large admixture of *clay* therein, which is common."

The *Tread Mill* is thus attacked in Blackwood's Magazine.—“Sir John Cox Hippesley and Dr. Mason Good (the translator of Lucretius) have been lately attacking the tread-mills; and *John Bull* has joined his forces. Do not you agree with these three distinguished philanthropists, that men should not use women with cruelty, if they can prevent it? Let the males tread away—but find a gentler exercise for the females. No strong or weak-bodied he-fellow of a pickpocket or purloiner is a proper object of compassion, except just as he is going to be hanged; and if he sweat on the tread-mill to the utmost wish of Hamlet himself, wrench his instep, sprain his ankle, dislocate his knee, and bring his back to the lumbago, there can be no question whatever, that

‘A wiser and a better man,
He'll rise to-morrow morn.’

“But even although no amendment in his morals be visible, is there not a satisfaction in knowing that he is on the tread-mill, battered and blistered to a most painful degree, and ineffectually cursing the keeper of the Brixton, and the inventive spirit of the age? But this argument does not apply to females; any thing like needless cruelty to any woman is too shocking and abhorrent from every British feeling, to be long practised in the shape of a legal enactment; and if the cruelty be accompanied (as in this case it is) with indecent, disgusting, and degrading circumstances, it is still more odious.”

MUSEUM OF Foreign Literature and Science.

Essays of Michael Seigneur de Montaigne, made English by Charles Cotton, Esq.; 3 vols. 8vo.; 4th edition. London, 1711.

In the world of literature there is food adapted for all palates, be they ever so various—solid and substantial fare for those of healthy and wholesome digestions—light and nutritive for the weak or idle, and stimulative for the languid: so that a man need never be at a loss for literary matter suitable to his inclination or constitution, and he may vary it as often as he pleases, according to the mood in which he finds himself, with the happy consciousness, that let him consume as much as he will, he can never exhaust the common stock.

“Age cannot wither it, nor custom stale
Its infinite variety.”

Of those books to which we have recourse for pleasure or recreation, we have a particular fancy for a gossiping book, a collection of choice *morceaux* and short dissertations, in which an author gives us the cream of a diversity of subjects, without calling upon us for any rigid attention or nice examination of his arguments. A kind of reading which resembles the very best conversation, but which is, at the same time, more artificially dressed up and more elegantly turned. When, for instance, we have been wading through a ponderous or tedious volume, for the purpose of analysis or for the sake of a few good extracts, we return, with a keen relish, to a literary gossip with an author of this kind, whom we can take up with the certainty of being instructed and amused—the smooth current of whose thoughts we can follow without effort or constraint, and to whose guidance we abandon ourselves with a desultory, but luxurious, indifference: and whom, when we have read so much as to our humour or idleness seemeth good, we can lay down without a sense of weariness, or a feeling of dissatisfaction. And then, if his disquisitions be short, and have no sequel or dependence upon each other, we can select from the bundle such as, in length or quality, may suit our time or fancy. Truly this may be an idle, but it is a pleasant mode of reading, and that is sufficient to recommend it. Indeed, we do not see why it should not be carried even farther than for the mere purposes of relaxation and amusement. It is, without doubt, much better to pursue an agreeable road to the temple of knowledge, than to pick out the

most rugged and uninviting path. The latter course, it is true, calls upon us for a greater sacrifice of ease and comfort—it requires more resolution and pains-taking, and we ourselves should have no objection to it, where it is inaccessible by any other means. But to select this briery path in preference to one more easy and agreeable, voluntarily to lacerate ourselves with the thorns which stick in the way, is, we cannot help thinking, a labour of supererogation—an infliction of penance for its own sake; the effect of which can only be to discourage and disgust. And one would think there are pleasures few enough sprinkled in this pilgrimage of three-score and ten, to induce us not inquisitively to make “that little, less.” Nor can such a mode of study be called vain and unproductive, for the richest fruit grows on the sunny aspect of the hill, where Nature has been busiest in scattering her May flowers and ornaments of a gay season. The countenance of wisdom is not naturally harsh and crabbed, and repulsive; if it be wrinkled, it is not with care and ill-temper, but with the lines of deep thought. “Her ways are ways of pleasantness,” and her smile is as genial and refreshing as that of young beauty, and equally invites us to be joyous and glad. She teaches us

“To live
The easiest way; nor, with perplexing thoughts,
To interrupt the sweets of life, from which
God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares,
And not molest us; unless we ourselves
Seek them with wandering thoughts and notions vain.”

We feel no sympathy with those authors who would do every thing by the square and compass, who would rudely snap the springs of feeling, and torture us into wisdom or virtue. It is the author who gives utterance to the promptings of the heart, who minglest human feelings with all his knowledge, that lays fast hold of our affection, and whom, above all, we love and venerate. And such a one is the lively old Gascon, whose essays stand at the head of this article. He is, indeed, the author for a snug fire-side and an easy armed chair, and more particularly whilst (as at this moment) the rain is patterning against the window at intervals, as the gusts of wind come and go, and, with the sea’s hoarse murmuring in the distance, makes harsh music, which shows that Nature is somewhat out of tune. At such a time, Montaigne’s self-enjoyment becomes doubly our own. His everlasting gaiety and good humour is more grateful from the contrast; and yet, in the midst of these comfortable reflections, we cannot avoid thinking of the rude fisherman, who ventures out with his young boy, to be tossed up and down on the watery element “in such a night as this,” (a rugged nurture for so slender a frame) and casts his net, without thinking much of the world’s rough outside or this turmoil, which it gives us such a sensible delight to be protected from. If he knew aught of Montaigne, he would not follow his vocation with more success, but he might, perchance, be more content

with his gains. Montaigne wrote *sans peur*, but not *sans reproche*. He is not content with a little sprinkling of "salt in the lines, to make the matter savoury"—he is fond of high seasoning. The licentiousness which would drive an author of our days from all honest company, cannot be tolerated even in an old writer. Antiquity cannot sanctify nor age palliate obscenity. It is probable, however, that what, according to our system of manners, is highly indelicate, was read by the modest of his age, by a wife or a daughter, without the disgust which it would now deservedly excite. Some of his Essays are even addressed to ladies, it may be, of exemplary lives. Mademoiselle Gournay, a young lady who had conceived such an affection for the author, that she wished to be styled his adopted daughter, after his death published an edition of them, with a preface and defence. And, after all, manners are but the fashions of the time, and how variable they are we need no ghost from the dead to tell us. The customs of one nation or age are considered indecorous in another. Thus, the kiss of ceremony or salutation which Montaigne erroneously affirms to be peculiar to France, and which he censures as disagreeable to both sexes, became not long afterwards to be regarded as a piece of great immorality, as appears from Dr. Heylin's *France painted to the life*. When the doctor visited that country in 1625, he thought it strange and uncivil that the ladies should turn away from the proffer of a salutation, and he indignantly exclaims, "that the chaste and innocent kiss of an English gentlewoman is more in heaven than their best devotions." Erasmus, in a letter, urging his friend Andrelinus to come to England, very pleasantly makes use of this custom to strengthen his invitation: "If, Faustus," says he, "thou knewst the advantages of England, thou wouldest run hither with winged feet, and, if the gout would not suffer that, thou wouldest wish thyself a Daedalus. For, to name one amongst many: here are girls with divine countenances, bland and courteous, and whom thou wouldest readily prefer to thy muses. And besides, there is a custom which can never be sufficiently praised. For, if you visit any where, you are received with their kisses—if you go away, you are dismissed with kisses—if you return, these sweet things are again rendered—if any one goes away with you, the kisses are divided—wherever you go, you are abundantly kissed. In short, move which way you will, all things are full of delight."*

Montaigne, however, acknowledges that he babbled a little more about such matters than was strictly decorous; and he informs us, that, although he was so impudent on paper, he was of an extreme modesty and shamefacedness in conversation. But his object was to describe himself—what he thought, he was not ashamed to write; and he would have considered it a weakness and unmanliness to have done otherwise. For our parts, although we hate hypocrisy with a hatred as perfect and cordial as our au-

* Erasmus, lib. 5. epist. 10

thor himself, we have, at least, as much abhorrence of every species of indecency. We cannot bear to see the loathsome toad held up for the public eye to rest upon, notwithstanding it

"Bears a precious jewel in its head."

"Seeing we are civilized Englishmen, let us not be naked savages in our talk." This is one reason of our selecting Montaigne for the subject of an article. To the scholar and philosopher, he is well known, for he was himself both; but the impurities, mixed up with his excellent sense, must, of necessity, prevent him from being generally read, especially by our fair countrywomen. But whilst we endeavour to preserve the native purity of their minds unsullied,

"As the snowy skin of lily leaves"—

that the domestic torch, which illumines "the wintry paradise of home," may burn with a clear and chaste light, there is no reason why they should not participate in all communicable knowledge, which may enlarge their affections or gratify their understandings, without shocking their delicacy or contaminating their taste.

The chief subject of Montaigne's reflections and writings is the philosophy of life. How to live well and die well with him

Is the prime wisdom; what is more, is fume,
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence.

To achieve this, he studied himself deeply and accurately; he dissected and anatomized his feelings, his fears, and his hopes, nay, the slightest motions of his soul, with the coolness and unconcern of an operating surgeon. He lets us into the innermost thoughts of his heart—he spreads out before us, as in a picture, every shade and gradation of feeling. Not a phantasma flitted across his mind that he did not put down, and, having contemplated its strangeness or absurdity, he placed it to the credit or debit side of his account. "He nothing extenuates nor sets down aught in malice." He is the most warm and candid of friends—the most open of enemies, if, indeed, he ever admitted into his heart any feeling which amounted to personal hostility. The consequence is, that nobody can read his works without becoming his intimate and approved good friend—his most familiar acquaintance. We know almost the very minute he was born, and, if he could have so far anticipated time, he would, with equal precision, have informed us of the hour of his death. Nor do we think that any thing would have given him so much pleasure as afterwards to have been able to come back to earth again, and add another volume to his Essays, that the world might still know the state of his mind. He was a country gentleman, and could have little to record but the workings of his own thoughts; and yet he laments that he had not, like his predecessors, kept a journal even of the barren events of the house of Montaigne. He was born betwixt eleven and twelve o'clock in the forenoon of the last of February, 1533.

His father sent him from his cradle to be brought up in a village of his in the meanest and most common way of living. He also pursued a singular mode for the introduction of his son into the vestibule of knowledge, of which we have a full account in an *Essay on Education*, which, like most of his discourses, contains a great deal of excellent matter, mixed with some strange opinions. To this system of education we, in all probability, are indebted for his Essays; and, as it is as sound as it is peculiar, we shall make no apology for quoting so much as relates to it.

"My father having made the most precise inquiry, that any man could possibly make, amongst men of the greatest learning and judgment, of an exact method of education, was by them caution'd of the inconvenience then in use, and made to believe, that the tedious time we applied to the learning of the tongues of them who had them for nothing, was the sole cause we could not arrive to that grandeur of soul, and perfection of knowledge, with the ancient Greeks and Romans: I do not however believe that to be the only cause; but the expedient my father found out for this was, that in my infancy, and before I began to speak, he committed me to the care of a German, who since died a famous physician in France, totally ignorant of our language, but very fluent, and a great critick in Latin. This man, whom he had fetch'd out of his own country, and whom he entertained with a very great salary for this only end, had me continually in his arms: to whom there were also joyn'd two others of the same nation, but of inferior learning, to attend me, and sometimes to relieve him; who all of them entertain'd me with no other language but Latin. As to the rest of his family, it was an inviolable rule, that neither himself, nor my mother, man, nor maid, should speak any thing in my company, but such Latin words as every one had learnt only to gabble with me. It is not to be imagin'd how great an advantage this prov'd to the whole family; my father and my mother, by this means, learning Latin enough to understand it perfectly well, and to speak it to such a degree, as was sufficient for any necessary use; as also those of the servants did, who were most frequently with me. To be short, we did Latin it at such a rate, that it overflowed to all the neighbouring villages, where there yet remain, that have establish'd themselves by custom, several Latin appellations of artizans, and their tools. As for what concerns myself, I was above six years of age before I understood either French or Perigordin, any more than Arabick, and without art, book, grammar, or precept, whipping, or the expense of a tear, had by that time learn'd to speak as pure Latin as my master himself. If (for example) they were to give me a theme after the college fashion, they gave it to others in French, but to me, they were of necessity to give it in the worst Latin, to turn it into that which was pure and good; and Nicholas Grouchi, who writ a book de Comitii Romanorum; William Guirentes, who has writ a Comment upon Aristotle; George Buchanan, that great Scotch poet, and Marcus Antonius Muretus (whom both France and Italy have acknowledg'd for the best orator of his time) my domestick tutors have all of them often told me, that I had in my infancy that language so very fluent and ready, that they were afraid to enter into discourse with me; and particularly Buchanan, whom I since saw attending the late Mareschal de Brissac, then told me, that he was about to write a Treatise of Education, the example of which he intended to take from mine, for he was then tutor to that Count de Brissac, who afterwards prov'd so valiant and so brave a gentleman. As to Greek, of which I have but a very little smattering, my father also design'd to have it taught me by a trick; but a new one, and by way of sport; tossing our declensions to and fro, after the manner of those, who by certain games, at tables and chess, learn geometry and arithmetic: for he, amongst other rules, had been advised to make me relish science and duty by an unforce'd will, and of my own voluntary motion, and to educate my soul in all liberty and delight, without any severity or constraint. Which also he was an observer of to such a degree even of superstition, if I may say so, that some being of opinion, it did trouble and disturb the brains of children suddenly to wake them in the morning, and to snatch them violently and over hastily from sleep (wherein they are much more profoundly involv'd than we) he only caus'd me to be wak'd by the sound of some musical instrument, and was never unprovided of a musician for that pur-

pose; by which example you may judge of the rest, this alone being sufficient to recommend both the prudence and the affection of so good a father; who therefore is not to be blam'd if he did not reap the fruits answerable to so exquisite a culture; of which two things were the cause: first, a sterl and improper soil: for 'ho' I was of a strong and healthful constitution, and of a disposition tolerably sweet and tractable, yet I was withal so heavy, idle, and indispos'd, that they could not rouse me from this stupidity to any exercise of recreation, nor get me out to play. What I saw, I saw clearly enough, and under this lazy complexion, nourished a bold imagination, and opinions above my age. I had a slothful wit, that would go no faster than it was led, a slow understanding, a languishing invention, and after all, incredible defect of memory, so that it is no wonder, if from all these nothing considerable can be extracted. Secondly, (like those, who, impatient of a long and steady cure, submit to all sorts of prescriptions and receipts) the good man being extremely timorous of any way failing in a thing he had so wholly set his heart upon, suffer'd himself at last to be overrul'd by the common opinion, and complying with the method of the time, having no more those persons he had brought out of Italy, and who had given him the first model of education, about him, he sent me at six years of age to the college of Guienne, at that time the best and most flourishing in France. And there it was not possible to add any thing to the care he had to provide me the most able tutors, with all other circumstances of education, reserving also several particular rules, contrary to the college practice; but so it was, that with all these precautions, it was a college still. My Latin immediately grew corrupt, of which also by discountenance I have since lost all manner of use: so that this new way of institution serv'd me to no other end, than only at my first coming to prefer me to the first forms: for at thirteen years old, that I came out of the college, I had run through my whole course, (as they call it) and in truth, without any manner of improvement, that I can honestly brag of, in all this time."

The language of ancient Rome thus became his natural tongue, and her books his constant companions. He was acquainted with the Capitol long before the Louvre, and he knew the Tiber before the Seine. Of those books to which he was more particularly attached, he mentions Ovid as the favourite of his youth, and Plutarch and Seneca of his mature age—but that he had latterly lost all relish for the former and even for Ariosto, which is more surprising as he bears some resemblance to him in skipping from subject to subject, in much the same way as Ariosto does from story to story. His favourites amongst the moderns, which are simply amusing, are Boccaceio, Rabelais, and the Basia of Johannes Secundus. As to the Amadis de Gaul and such books, they had not even the credit of engaging his infancy. Montaigne has been censured for his numerous quotations from classical authors, but, we think, without sufficient reason. It is true, that, were a writer to give us a whole chapter of them from his common-place book, they would be sufficiently dull and flat, and, like dried flowers, would lose nearly all their fragrance, although they might retain, in some measure, their form and colour. But, where quotations from the poets are made, as they generally are by Montaigne, for the sake of illustration, and are, at once, elegant and appropriate, they contribute both to the spirit and grace of composition. He sometimes, indeed, concealed his authorities in order to keep rash censures in check, that they might, if they attacked him, through his sides wound Plutarch or Seneca.

A few of the author's opinions in this Essay may not be unacceptable to the reader.

"Truth and reason are common to every one, and are no more his who speake them first, than his who speaks them after."

And to a similar effect.

"That which a man rightly knows and understands, he is the free disposer of at his own full liberty, without any regard to the author from whence he had it, or fumbling over the leaves of his book."

"Such as have lean and spare bodies, stuff themselves out with clothes; so they who are defective in matter, endeavour to make amends with words."

"Whoever shall represent to his fancy, as in a picture, that great image of our mother nature, pourtrayed in her full majesty and lustre, whoever in her face shall read so general and so constant a variety, whoever shall observe himself in that figure, and not himself but a whole kingdom, no bigger than the least touch or prick of a pencil, in comparison of the whole, that man alone is able to value things according to their true estimate and grandeur."

Our author's opinion, that a youth should be trained to suffer whatever there is a possibility of his encountering, is peculiar and extreme.

"A boy is to be inur'd to the ~~soil~~ and vehemency of exercise, to train him up to the pain and suffering of dislocations, cholicks, cauteries, and even imprisonment, and the rack itself, for he may come, by misfortune, to be reduc'd to the worst of these, which (as this world goes) is sometimes inflicted on the good, as well as the bad."

The following passage is written with more ardour than is usual with Montaigne. It is beautiful and persuasive, and has even some pretensions to eloquence—a quality Montaigne neither aimed at himself nor greatly admired in others.

"The most manifest sign of wisdom is a continual cheerfulness; her estate is like that of things in the regions above the moon, always clear and serene. 'Tis Baraco and Baraliphton that render their disciples so dirty and ill favour'd, and not she; they do not so much as know her, but by hear-say. 'Tis she that calms and appeases the storms and tempests of the soul, and who teaches famines and fevers to laugh and sing; and that, not by certain imaginary epicycles, but by natural and manifest reasons. She has virtue for her end; which is not, as the school-men say, situate upon the summit of a perpendicular rock, and an inaccessible precipice. Such as have approach'd her, find it, quite contrary, to be seated in a fair, fruitful, and flourishing plain, from whence she easily discovers all things subjected to her; to which place any one may however arrive, if he knew but the easiest and the nearest way thro' shady, green, and sweetly flourishing walks and avenues, by a pleasant, easy, and smooth descent, like that of the celestial arches. 'Tis for not having frequented this supreme, this beautiful, triumphant, and amiable, this equally delicious and courageous virtue, this so profess'd and implacable enemy to anxiety, sorrow, fear, and constraint, who, having nature for her guide, has fortune and pleasure for her companions, that they have gone according to their own weak imagination, and created this ridiculous, this sorrowful, querulous, despifull, threatening, terrible image of it to themselves and others, and plac'd it upon a solitary rock, amongst thorns and brambles, and made of it a hobgoblin to fright people from daring to approach it. But the governour that I would have, that is, such a one as knows it to be his duty to possess his pupil with as much or more affection than reverence to virtue, will be able to inform him, that the poets have evermore accommodated themselves to the publick humour, and make him sensible, that the gods have planted more toil and sweat in the avenues of the cabinets of Venus, than those of Minerva, which, when he shall once find him begin to apprehend, and shall represent to him a Bradamanta, or an Angelica, for a mistress, a natural, active, generous, and not a mankind, but a manly beauty, in comparison of a soft, delicate, artificial, simp'ring, and affected form; the one disguis'd in the habit of an heroic youth, with her beautiful face set out in a glittering helmet, the other trick'd up in curls and ribbons like a wanton minx; he will then look upon his own affection as brave and masculine, when he shall choose

quite contrary to that effeminate shepherd of Phrygia. Such a tutor will make a pupil to digest this new doctrine, that the height and value of true virtue consists in the facility, utility, and pleasure of its exercise; so far from difficulty, that boys, as well as men, and the innocent, as well as the subtle, may make it their own; and it is by order and good conduct, and not by force, that it is to be acquir'd. Socrates, her first minion, is so averse to all manner of violence, as totally to throw it aside, to slip into the more natural facility of her own progress: 'tis the nursing-mother of all humane pleasures, who, in rend'ring them just, renders them also pure and permanent; in moderating them, keeps them in breath and appetite; in interdicting those which she herself refuses, whets our desire to those that she allows; and, like a kind and liberal mother, abundantly allows all that nature requires, even to satiety, if not to lassitude; unless we will declaim, that the regimen of health, which stops the top'er's hand before he has drank himself drunk, or the glutton's before he hath eaten to a surfeit, is an enemy to pleasure. If the ordinary fortune fail, and that she meet with an indocile disposition, she passes that disciple by, and takes another, not so fickle and unsteady as the other, which she forms wholly her own. She can be rich, be potent, and wise, and knows how to lie upon soft down, and perfum'd quilts too: she loves life, beauty, glory, and health; but her proper and peculiar office is to know regularly how to make use of all these good things, and how to part with them without concern; an office much more noble than troublesome, and without which the whole course of life is unnatural, turbulent, and deformed; and there it is, indeed, that men may justly represent those monsters upon rocks and precipices. If this pupil shall happen to be of so cross and contrary a disposition, that he had rather hear a tale of a tub, than the true narrative of some noble expedition, or some wise and learned discourse; who, at the beat of drum, that excites the youthful ardour of his companions, leaves that to follow another that calls to a morrice, or the bears, and who would not wish, and find it more delightful, and more pleasing, to return all dust and sweat victorious from a battel, than from tennis, or from a ball, with the prize of those exercises; I see no other remedy, but* that he be bound apprentice in some good town to learn to make mince pies, though he were the son of a duke; according to Plato's precept, That children are to be plac'd out, and dispos'd of, not according to the wealth, qualities, or condition of the father, but according to the faculties and the capacity of their own soul."

Our author had a very high, and, in some respects, peculiar idea of an exquisite friendship, and such a one he represents to have subsisted between himself and De Boetie. His opinion as to the communication of secrets is exceedingly subtle and refined.

"Common friendships will admit of division; one may love the beauty of this, the good humour of that person, the liberty of a third, the paternal affection of a fourth, the fraternal love of a fifth, and so of the rest. But this friendship that possesses the whole soul, and there rules and sways with an absolute sovereignty, can possibly admit of no rival. If two at the same time should call to you for succour, to which of them would you run? Should they require of you contrary offices, how could you serve them both? Should one commit a thing to your secrecy, that it were of importance to the other to know, how would you disengage yourself? A singular and particular friendship disunites and dissolves all obligations whatsoever. The secret I have sworn not to reveal to any other, I may without perjury communicate to him who is not another, but myself. 'Tis miracle enough, certainly, for a man to double himself, and those that talk of tripling, talk they know not of what. Nothing is extremal, that has its like; and who shall presuppose, that of

* In M. Neufchateau's edition, the following words are added in this place: "That his tutor in good time strangle him, if he is without witnesses; or that, &c." "This remarkable passage," observes the editor, "is not found in any edition of the Essays, but it is in the hand-writing of Montaigne, in the copy which he corrected. The remedy pointed out by this philosopher is one of those acts of rigour which the public interest or reasons of state sometimes command and always justify?" What it is to have a minister of the interior for a commentator!"

two, I love one, as much as the other, that they love one another too, and love me as much as I love them, does multiply in friendship, the most single and united of all things, and wherein moreover, one alone is the hardest thing in the world to find."

The following passage informs us of a species of wet-nurses unknown in this country, except in the story-books of our childhood; and to us it brought with it so pleasant a recollection of that time, that we shall take leave to quote it.

"And that which I was saying of goats, was upon this account; that it is ordinary, all about where I live, to see the country-women, when they want suck of their own, to call goats to their assistance. And I have, at this hour, two footmen that never sucked woman's milk more than eight days after they were born. These goats are immediately taught to come to suckle the little children, well knowing their voices when they cry, and come running to them; when, if any other than that they are acquainted with be presented to them, they refuse to let it suck, and the child, to another goat, will do the same. I saw one the other day, from whom they had taken away the goat that used to nourish it, by reason the father had only borrowed it of a neighbour; that would not touch any other they could bring, and doubtless died of hunger."

Montaigne adopted the opinions of no one; he formed his own from observation, and they are frequently of an extraordinary cast. He is continually meditating upon death; and would, he says, rather die on horseback than in a bed; rather in a strange place than his own house. "Let us," he says, "live and be merry amongst our friends; let us go die and be sullen amongst strangers."

"A man may find those for his money that will shift his pillow, and rub his feet, and will trouble him no more than he would have them, who will present him with an indifferent countenance, and suffer him to govern himself, and to complain according to his own method."

The succeeding paragraph contains some very excellent observations.

"I wean myself daily by my reason from this childish and inhumane humour, of desiring by our sufferings to move the compassion and mourning of our friends. We stretch our inconveniences beyond their just extent when we extract tears from them, and the constancy which we commend in every one, in supporting his own adverse fortune, we accuse and reproach in our friends when the case is our own; we are not satisfied that they should be sensible of our condition only, unless they be moreover afflicted. A man should publish and communicate his joy, but as much as he can conceal and smother his grief: he that makes himself lamented without reason, is a man not to be lamented when there shall be real cause. To be always complaining, is the way never to be lamented; by making himself always in so pitiful a taking, he is never commiserated by any. He that makes himself dead when he is alive, is subject to be thought likely to live when he is dying. I have seen some, who have taken it ill when they have been told that they looked well, and that their pulse was temperate, contain their smiles, because they betrayed a recovery, and be angry at their health, because it was not to be lamented; and, which is a great deal more, they were not women neither."

Montaigne abounds with shrewd remarks and pithy sentences, written with the brevity and point of proverbs. A few which occur to us we have thrown together.

Montaigne would have philosophy instilled early into the youthful mind. "They begin," says he, "to teach us to live when we have almost done living."

"A man cannot so soon get his lesson by heart, as he may practise it: he will repeat it in his actions."

"The premeditation of death, is the premeditation of liberty; who has learnt to die, has forgot to serve."

"Whosoever despises his own life, is always master of that of another man."

"Nothing noble can be performed without danger."

Of a mob, he says;

"There is nothing so little to be expected or hoped for from this many-headed monster, when so incensed, as humanity and good-nature: it is much more capable of reverence than fear."

"All other knowledge is hurtful to him, who has not the science of honesty and good-nature."

"Knowledge is an excellent drug, but no drug has virtue enough to preserve itself from corruption and decay, if the vessel be tainted and impure wherein it is put to keep."

"I do not think that we are so unhappy as we are vain, or have so much malice as folly."

"A word ill taken obliterates ten years' merit—the last action carries it—not the best and most frequent offices, but the most recent and present do the work."

The following is a singular, and not very amiable opinion.

"I approve of a man that is the less fond of his child for having a scald-head or being crooked; and not only when he is ill-natured, but also when he is unhappy and imperfect in his limbs, (for God himself has abated that from his value and real estimation,) provided he carry himself in this coldness of affection with moderation and exact justice."

Nothing but the Essays themselves of our old confabulator, can convey an adequate idea of their unrestrained vivacity, energy, and fancy, of their boldness and attractive simplicity. He says rightly, that it is the only book in the world of its kind. All the world, however, may know his book in him, and him in his book. The character of each is the same; and we shall, therefore, make a short summary of one to serve for both. It requires more courage to tittle-tattle of a man's foibles, vanities, and little imperfections, than to expose heinous defects or wicked inclinations; as the man, who shrinks from small inconveniences, will yet rush into "the pelting, pitiless storm," with a feeling of exultation. The former is a confession of weakness; in the latter there is an audacity and semblance of manliness. For the one he might be mocked and ridiculed; for the other he would be feared and scorned, which is the more tolerable of the two. In the latter there is a conscious power and daring, which is some sort of compensation for the risk; for the former he runs a chance of gaining nothing but contempt. The little vanities and oddities disclosed by Montaigne are, however, accompanied by too many amiable qualities to excite any thing of this feeling. The President Bouhier says of him: "It is true, that he sometimes avows his defects; but if we pay attention to them, we shall find they are only those which philosophers, or people of fashion, are not ashamed to assume, or imperfections which turn upon indifferent things."* Montaigne had a natural and invincible repugnance to falsehood; and, as he assures us, that he has painted himself as he was, whole and entire, it is fair to consider, that he had no great vices to confess. At the same time,

* Malebranche says nearly the same thing of him.

there are things in his book which cannot be justified. His singular education, and early intimacy with the writers of antiquity, tinged his mind with that bold and paradoxical spirit, which is so continually displayed in his discourses. He formed a strict alliance and friendship with the ancient worthies. Rome, in the time of her free and flourishing estate, (for he loved her neither in her birth nor decay,) became to him a “passion and a feeling.” He paid more homage to the dead than the living. He entered the lists more chivalrously for the defence of Pompey, or in the cause of Brutus, than of either of the religious factions which distracted his own country. These early attachments never left him, and it was with singular satisfaction that he had the honour of Roman Citizenship conferred upon him, during one of his visits to Rome. The elements were strangely compounded in him—there was an odd mixture of philosophical thought and trifling speculation—of acute reasoning and inconclusiveness—of force of mind and erratic and ungoverned fancy. He was, at the same time, idle and impatient—thoughtful and gay, and by turns reflected upon and laughed at himself and all the world. Fond of travelling, he was as difficult to be moved in the first instance, as to be stopped when once in motion. Of a frank and courteous deportment, of a hospitable disposition, and an amiable temper—a despiser of ceremony, and eminently sociable—he appears to have been, in general, as sluggish in his feelings as he was cold in the constitution of his mind: but, for the memory of his father he cherished a deep and lasting veneration and regard; and for his friend, De Boetie, he felt as sacred a friendship as ever had birth in the human heart. Himself hating to be obliged to any other, or by any other, than himself; he was, nevertheless, ready enough to confer an obligation, more especially if it did not call upon him for any great care or trouble, to which he most assuredly had a mortal aversion. In fact, his whole study was to be careless, easy, and contented, and he made haste to seize pleasure lest it should take wing and fly. But he was, upon the whole, a kind-hearted and amiable man, and of a large and capacious soul, superior to most of the prejudices of his age, although he doubtless had some peculiar to himself. To him all men were compatriots—the universal tie, superior to all national ties whatever—and the relations of friendship to those of kindred. He was nice, even to superstition, in keeping his promises.

“The knot,” says he, “that binds me by the laws of courtesie, pinches me more than that of legal constraint, and I am much more at ease when bound by a *scrivener*, than by myself. Is it not reason that my conscience should be much more engaged when men simply rely upon it? In a bond, my faith owes nothing, because it has nothing lent it. Let them trust to the security they have taken without me; I had much rather break the wall of a prison, and the laws themselves, than my own word.”

Even in actions free and indifferent, if he breathed a promise, even in whispers to himself, it assumed the shape of an obligation; but if he had once made it known to others, he considered himself

positively enjoined to the performance of it. It was pleasant to him, because it was voluntary—it was of his own free will and bounty; for, “if the action has not some splendour of liberty, it has neither grace nor honour.”

Of his reflections he fancied those the best which he made on horseback; and a sprightly thought never came into his head, on such an occasion, that he did not regret there was nobody to whom he could communicate it; and yet the reins of his bridle being wrong put on, or a strap flapping against his leg, was enough to keep him out of humour for a day together. Although of a studious turn of mind, he delighted more in contemplation than reading, to which he seldom applied for more than an hour together; and that, when he had nothing else to do, or it may be for the purpose of culling the flowers with which he has garnished his disquisitions; for he tells us, over and over again, that he could retain nothing in his memory for any length of time. Indeed, the treachery of this faculty is a standing subject of complaint with him; but even from this real or imaginary defect, (for, considering his extraordinary familiarity with, and the use he makes of Roman authors, it is difficult to believe it was so imperfect as he represents it,) he contrives to raise up some pleasant consolations; as, when he says, that, from his want of memory, he less remembers the injuries he has received; and that the places he revisits, and the books he reads over again, still smile upon him with a fresh novelty. Such is the prerogative of genius—it can extract consolation from want and privation, and deck the barren wilderness with beauty.

Human nature is a wayward and variable thing, and where a man perseveres in putting down every crude and fugitive thought that occurs to him, we must expect to find that his mind has undergone changes similar to those of his body, and that what he thinks to-day he will not think to-morrow. The opinions of a mutable nature cannot be immutable. Doubts will arise, contradictions will occur, and one opinion displace another, in its turn to be deposed. Montaigne wrote without system and without classification, rambling from one subject to another, without order or connexion, like the bee which now hardly settles upon one flower, and anon takes deeper draughts of another, as its taste or humour sways it. These aberrations are rather the result of design than accident; and, it is true, give a conversational ease, a reality and grace, to his *Essays*, which engages the interest of the reader too deeply in the feelings of the author, to allow him to think any thing, but that he is the most agreeable and original writer in the world. He is now a Stoic and now an Epicurean. He is carried away with every wind that blows—“accident can play what stop it pleases” upon him. He now argues on one side of the question, and now on the other, and at last leaves it without coming to a conclusion.—He is too hard for himself.—“He is every thing by turns, and nothing long.” His book is censured in severe terms by Malebranche, not for what we should conceive its most objec-

tionable passages, but for the vanity and Pyrrhonism of the author. Like most speculative men, Montaigne was fond of raising doubts against established propositions. He hinted opinions, which have since been expanded into systems. But, if he was an enemy to superstition, his scepticism did not terminate in irreligion. The strong, as well as the weak in intellect, are subject to fluctuations of opinion, especially on matters of faith. Montaigne was open to the reception of arguments, or rather created them on all subjects; and it is not surprising, that, in the religious contests which agitated his country, he should waver in the creed of his forefathers. A man may doubt the fallibility of human establishments, without being either wicked or irreligious. The force of arguments depends upon a thousand accidents—the education, the experience, the associations of thought or feeling, the timidity, or the fearlessness of the individual to whom they are applied. The reasons that will convince one man may undeceive another; and the advocate for a system, while he prevails over his opponent, often raises doubts in his own mind which he is unable to satisfy. A remarkable instance of which our readers will pardon us for introducing here. William Raynolds was at first a Protestant of the Church of England; and his brother, Dr. John Raynolds, was trained up in Popery beyond the seas. William, out of an honest zeal to reduce his brother to *his* church, made a journey to him, when, in a conference between them, it fell out, that John, being overcome by his brother's arguments, returned into England, where he became one of the most rigid sort of the English Protestants; and William, being convinced by the reasons of his brother John, stayed beyond the seas, where he proved a very violent and virulent Papist. Of which strange accident Dr. Alabaster, who had made trial of both religions, and amongst many notable whimsies had some fine abilities, made the following epigram:—*

Bella inter geminos plusquam civilia fratres,
 Traxerat ambiguus religionis apex.
 Ille Reformatæ fidei pro partibus instat,
 Iste Reformandam denegat esse fidem.
 Propositus cause rationibus, alter utrinque:
 Concurrere pares, et cecidere pares.
 Quod fuit in votis, fratrem capit alter uterque;
 Quod fuit in fatis, perdit uterque fidem,
 Captivi gemini sine captivante fuerunt,
 Et vixi vieti transfigi castra petit.
 Quod genus hoc pugna est, ubi virtus gaudet uterque;
 Et tamen alteruter se superasse dolet?—

Which has been very well translated by Dr. Peter Heylin:—

In points of faith some undetermin'd jars
 Betwixt two brothers kindled civil wars.
 One for the church's reformation stood,
 The other thought no reformation good.
 The points propos'd, they traversed the field
 With equal skill, and both together yield.

* Heylin's Cosmography, by Bohun, p. 246.

As they desired, each brother each subdues;
 Yet such their fate that each his faith did lose,
 Both captives, none the prisoners thence do guide;
 The victor flying to the vanquish'd side.
 Both join'd in being conquer'd (strange to say),
 And yet both mour'd because both won the day.

Whatever doubts Montaigne might throw out, he always professed himself to be of the Roman Catholic faith, and his resolution, that, as he had lived, so he would die in it. He expired during the performance of its last ceremonies, in his chamber, on the 13th September, 1592, aged fifty-nine years, six months, and eleven days, without the assistance of physic to which he cherished all his life an hereditary and invincible dislike, his father having lived seventy-four years, his grandfather sixty-nine, and his great-grandfather almost eighty years without having tasted any sort of medicine. Thus died Montaigne with a full blossoming reputation, after leading a life (with the exception of the disorder with which he was in his latter years afflicted) the most joyous, felicitous, and philosophical of the sons of men.

We have no intention, and, if we had, we have no space to defend either his paradoxes or Pyrrhonism. We will, however, quote on this subject the opinion of an elegant writer and philosopher of the present day, who places Montaigne at the head of the French writers, who contributed, in the beginning of the 17th century, to turn the thoughts of their countrymen to subjects connected with the philosophy of mind. He observes, that, "in the mind of Montaigne, the same paradoxes may be easily traced to those deceitful *appearances*, which, in order to stimulate our faculties to their best exertions, nature seems purposely to have thrown in our way, as stumbling blocks in the pursuit of truth."^{*}

Leaving these things, however, we now come to the most serious charge against Montaigne—the great and foul blemish of his writings. We can forgive his vanity, and excuse his scepticism, but we cannot tolerate the indecencies which are profusely scattered, like "noisome weeds," about many of his Essays. There is one, and a long one too, under a mere colourable title, (for the titles of his Essays have, in general, little to do with the subject matter,) which is, from beginning to end, nothing else than a tissue of the grossest obscenities. He actually gloats on the subject, and dwells with ostentatious nauseousness on what the very instinct of nature teaches us to conceal. Had the Cardinal du Perron this in his mind, when he called our author's Essays "Le Breviare des honnêtes gens?" "When he was young," he says, "he concealed his wanton passions; but, now that he was old, he must chase away melancholy by debauch," and tickle his mind with the remembrance of defunct desires. "Such rotten speeches are worse in withered age, when men run after that sin in their words, which flieh from them in the deed." He says, "it is not out of judgment

* Dugald Stewart.

that I have chosen this scandalous way of speaking; Nature has chosen it for me." It would have been better if, instead of justifying or excusing it, he had adopted his own maxim: "he, who says all that is to be said, gluts and disgusts us."

This is a part of the writings of Montaigne on which it is most painful to dwell, although we are not so outrageously virtuous as to despise or hate the sun "which pours its radiance o'er a living and rejoicing world," because there are spots upon its surface. Passing over this, his *talking* discourses are inexpressibly taking and agreeable. With a singular power of self-investigation, and an acute observation of the actions of men, which he discriminated with "a learned spirit of human dealing," he combined great affluence of thought and excusiveness of fancy. He was, at once, profound and trifling—philosophical and inconclusive—bold in imagination and free in inquiry—of an open and prepossessing demeanour, he was amiable and eminently attractive. An attempt was made in France to give the Spirit of his Works, which did not succeed. That to extract the spirit of Montaigne's Essays—to disentangle so much as is worth preserving, from that which we should be content to see perish, and, at the same time, preserve his character, would be difficult, is most true, but it is not impossible. It would require a nice hand, but we think, it might be done, and his Essays still remain a most fascinating book. "If the prophaneness may be severed from the wit, it is like a lamprey, take out the string in the back, it will make good meat." The style of Montaigne is bold, energetic, sententious, and abrupt; and, although provincial and unrefined, it is original, vivacious, simple, and *debonair*. La Harpe says of him: "Comme écrivain, il a imprimé à la langue une sorte d'énergie familière qu'elle n'avoit pas avant lui, et qui ne s'est point usée, parce qu'elle tient à celle des sentiments et des pensées."

We have adopted, for the purposes of this article, the translation of Charles Cotton, the poet, who was peculiarly fitted for the task. He has rendered the original (so far as it could be rendered into a foreign idiom) with fidelity and success, and has imitated the quaintness, liveliness, and simplicity, of the author's style, with great felicity and effect.

COBBETT.

Hah! am I come to thee at last? Well, and, come to thee when I will, the sight of thy fist does me good! thou twenty times turn-coat—thou most wavering of weathercocks—thou boldest of bullies—thou rudest of ragamuffins—thou most downright of double-dealers—thou hero of humbug—thou prince of libellers, and King of Kensington—I love thee still—thou dear diabolical deceiver—I cling to thee still—thou art still COBBETT! Semper idem! ET *Cobbett, et Diabolus!*

To speak rationally—I am one of the few, the very few people, who *never* put the least faith in Cobbett, and *never* ceased to be a reader of his writings. Of late he has been, comparatively speaking, a forgotten man, and it is not difficult to account for this. Having utterly ruined himself by his behaviour at the time when he left this country for America—he has in vain striven to recover himself ever since by a series of, I fear not to say, the most masterly exertions through which his great talents have at *any* period sustained him. He wrote a letter to Sir Francis Burdett, telling Sir F., to whom he owed a considerable sum of money, that he would not pay that money on setting off for America—not because he could not pay it, no—but because he could not pay it without some inconvenience to himself, and because, if I remember the thing correctly, he did not conceive himself *obliged* to pay ANY DEBT to a SUBJECT OF ENGLAND, in consequence of the way in which he had been treated by the ENGLISH GOVERNMENT.* Sir Fran-

* We give these edifying letters from the Annual Register. They ought *not* to be forgotten—whatever else may be.

"TO SIR FRANCIS BURDETT, BART.

"*North Hampstead, Long Island, June 20, 1817.*

"Sir,—I inclose you the copy of a letter to Mr. Tipper, which I beg you to have the goodness to read, and to consider the contents of it (as far as they relate to the liquidation of my debts generally) as addressed to yourself. In addition you will be pleased to understand, that, as to the debt due to you, no pains shall be spared by me to obtain the means of paying it as soon as possible; and I beg that you will furnish Mr. White, my attorney, with your charge against me, including interest, that he may transmit it to me.

"I now transmit to Mr. White, *Wright's note of hand*. It must be *indorsed* by you before I can proceed against Wright. This rascal always contended that he borrowed the money on his *own account*. Your word was quite sufficient to prove the contrary; and though no part of it was ever made use of *for me*, and though the arbitrator determined against my being at all responsible, I thought myself, and still think myself, bound to pay you, you putting me in a condition to recover the money from him, which you can at once do by indorsing the note of hand. I am well aware the grounds of complaint and reproach to which debtors always expose themselves, and I am not vain enough to expect to escape consequences to which all others are liable; but if I finally pay to the last farthing, those grounds will be all swept away; and as I am in no doubt of being able, in a short space of time, to pay every one fully, I anticipate with great satisfaction the day of my deliverance from this sort of thralldom.—I am, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

"W.M. COBBETT."

"TO MR. TIPPER.

"*North Hampstead, Long Island, Nov. 20, 1817.*

"My Dear Sir,—First let me acknowledge my deep sense of the kind manner in which you have uniformly spoken to Mrs. Cobbet with regard to me; and then, without further waste of that time of which I have so little to spare, let me come to business, and let me lay down, before I proceed to our own particular affair, some principles which I hold to be just to my conduct towards my creditors in general.

"If there be any man who can pretend, for one moment, that mine is an *ordinary case*, and that, not having enough to pay every body, I ought to be regarded as an *insolvent debtor*, in the usual acceptation of the words; and if he does this after being apprized that the whole force of an infamous tyranny was embodied into the shape of despotic ordinances, intended for the sole purpose of taking from me the real, and certain, and increasing means of paying off every debt and mort-

cis's answer did him great honour. It was just what a gentleman of his rank ought to have answered to such a person, in such a si-

gace in two years;—if there be any man whose prosperity and whose means of profitably employing his own industry have remained wholly untouched and unaffected by these despotic and sudden acts of the government, and who is yet so insensible to all feelings of humanity, as well as so willingly blind to every principle of either moral or political justice;—if there be any man, who, wholly absorbed in his attachment to his own immediate interest, is ready to cast blame on a debtor, who has had his means of paying cut off by an operation as decisive as that of an earthquake, which should sink into eternal nothing his lands, his houses, and his goods;—if there be any man, who, if he had been a creditor of Job, would have insisted that that celebrated object of malignant devils' wrath, which had swept away his flocks, his herds, his sons, and his daughters, was an insolvent debtor and a bankrupt, and ought to have been considered as such, spoken of as such, and as such proceeded against; if there be any such man as this, to whom I owe any thing, to such man I first say, that I despise him from the bottom of my soul; and then I say, that if he dare meet me before the world in open and written charge, I pledge myself to cover him with as much shame and infamy as that world can be brought to deign to bestow upon so contemptible a being. For such occasions as the one here supposed, if such occasion should ever occur, I reserve the arguments and conclusion which the subject would naturally suggest. To you, I trust, no such arguments are necessary, and therefore I will now proceed to state explicitly my intentions with regard to what I shall endeavour to do in the way of paying off debts. I hold it to be perfectly just that I should never, in any way whatever, give up one single farthing of my future earnings to the payment of any debt in England.

"When the society is too weak or unwilling to defend the property, whether mental or of a more ordinary and vulgar species, and where there is not the will or the power in the society to yield him protection, he becomes clearly absolved of all his engagements of every sort, to that society; because in every bargain of every kind it is understood that both the parties are to continue to enjoy the protection of the laws of property.

"But from the great desire which I have, not only to return to my native country, but also to prevent the infamous acts levelled against me from injuring those persons with whom I have pecuniary engagements, and some of whom have become my creditors from feelings of friendship and a desire to serve me, I eagerly waive all claim to this principle, and I shall neglect no means within my power to pay and satisfy every demand, as far as that can be done consistently with that duty which calls on me to take care that my family have the means of fairly exerting their industry, and of leading that sort of life to which they have a just claim.

"It is clear, however, that to do *any thing* in the way of paying off, must be a work of some little time. I place great dependance on the produce of some literary labours of great and general utility; and it is of these that I am now about more particularly to speak, and to make you, sir, a distinct proposition.

"First, I must beg you to read in a *Register*, which I now send home, a letter to a French scoundrel, whom the boroughmongers of England, by a robbery of us for the restoration of the Bourbons, have replaced in his title of *Count*.

"When you have read that letter, you will see a part of my designs, as to my present endeavours to pay my debts. 'The *Maitre Anglais*' has long been the *sole* work of this kind in *vogue* on the continent of Europe, in England, and in America. It was the only book of the sort admitted into the Prytaneean Schools of Bonaparte, where it was adopted by a direct ordinance.

"You will see that it is sent from France to England, and in this country it is imported from France. Both editions (separate and coeval) are sold at New York, and in all the towns here. I have always been afraid to look into this book, from a consciousness of its imperfections, owing to the circumstance of haste under which it was originally written.

"You know as well as any man what the probable extent of sale and durable profit of the exclusive right to print such a book are. I am now engaged in making this book *quite complete*, under the title of 'The English Master, by William Cobbett,

tuation—nothing could be more cool than the scorn—more annihilating than the effect. The Radical Baronet extinguished for ever

corrected, improved, and greatly enlarged, by the author himself.' If you understand French enough to read it with a perfect understanding of its meaning, you will, if you read this book, easily see the causes of its great celebrity.

"Its clearness, its simplicity, its wonderful aptitude to its purposes, its engaging and convincing properties, make it so unlike all the offspring of pedantry, that it is no wonder that it should have made its way in general esteem. I will make the new edition *supplant all the old ones immediately*; and to you I propose to confide the care of securing the copyright both in England and France. A second work, and one of still more importance as a source of profit, is also now under hand, namely, '*The French Master; or a Grammar to teach French to English Persons*, by William Cobbett.' You will easily see, that if I could, twenty-two years ago, actually *write a book* in the French language to French persons, how able I must be to write a book in the English language to teach French. Indeed, my knowledge of the whole matter is so complete, that the thing, complicated and abstract as it is in its nature, is as easy to me as it is for me to walk or sit. This work, I will pledge my existence, will sweep away very speedily all competitors. My children (some of them) are now learning French by the principles and rules which will constitute this book, and this gives me every opportunity of perceiving and removing all sorts of impediments and embarrassments.

"My son William wrote French at twelve years old better than nine-tenths of the Frenchmen that I have ever known, or at least that I have ever seen write; and both John and he speak now French as well as the greater part of Frenchmen.

"I shall publish both these works, and secure the copyright of them, in America, where there is a great sale for books of this description; but from the great intercourse now existing between England and France, the sale will be much more considerable in those countries.

"In about two months, or less, I shall send to Mr. White, to be delivered to you (if you will undertake the thing), the matter for these two works. You can secure the copyrights in England, and also in France. It is impossible for me to say what will be their produce; and I know well that immediate produce is not to be expected; yet it would be irrational not to believe, that these works must in a short time begin to be a source of real and substantial profit, the proceeds of which I should devote to the liquidation of the debts due to you; and, if they exceed that, to other purposes. In the meanwhile, there would be the foundation of profit, from the same source, laid in this country, from which, however, I should for some time not expect any thing beyond what I should need here. I do not know that there would be any objection to the *selling* of this copyright in France; but I should not approve of this being done in England, because time may make them a source of great profit, and further, because I should not like for me or my sons to be precluded from future improvements of the works themselves. As to the particular application of the money that may arise from this fair and honourable source, after an equitable discharge of your demands on me; and as to the precise mode of proceeding in the business, these must be the subject of a letter to accompany the manuscripts, which you will understand are now in a state of great forwardness; so that, as time is valuable, I hope that you, who understand such matters so well, and who have so much activity and intelligence, will, upon the receipt of this letter, and upon the strength of what you will see addressed to the beggarly tool of a French blackguard rascally Noble *jean-foutre*, make some inquiry amongst the race who trade in the fruit of men's minds. You know them pretty well, and I have perfect reliance on your prudence, integrity, and industry.

"I am, you will perceive, getting ready a *Grammar of the English Language*. This, which is a work which I have always desired to perform, I have put into the shape of a series of letters, addressed to my beloved son James, as a mark of my approbation of his affectionate and dutiful conduct towards his mother during her absence from me.

"In this work, which I have all my life, since I was nineteen years old, had in my contemplation, I have assembled together the fruits of all my observations on the construction of the English language; and I have given them the form of a book, not merely with a view to profit, but with a view to fair fame, and with the

his plebeian brother luminary—since that unfortunate day, William Cobbett has never held up his head as he had been used to do. He

still more agreeable view of instructing, in this foundation of all literary knowledge, the great body of my ill treated, and unjustly contemned countrymen.

"I believe it to be quite impossible that this work should not have a very extensive circulation in England and America, and that it should not be of many years' duration in point of profit. Whatever part of this profit can, without endangering the well-being of my beloved and exemplary, affectionate and virtuous family, be allotted to the discharge of my debts or encumbrances, shall, with scrupulous fidelity, be so allotted; but as to this particular object, and as to other sources of gain, I will first take care that the acts of tyrannical confiscation, which have been put in force against me, shall not deprive this family of the means, not only of comfortable existence, but that it shall not deprive this family of the means of seeking fair and honourable distinction in the world. It is impossible for me to say or to guess at what I may, with my constant bodily health, and with the aptitude and industry which are now become a part of me, be able to do in the way of literary works productive of gain; but I can with certainty declare, that, beyond the purposes of safety to my family, I will retain or expend nothing, until no man shall say of me that I owe him a farthing. With regard to any profits that may arise from the Register in England, I at present know scarcely any thing; and I have not any time to digest any regular plan relative to that matter: I shall do this in the course of a short time.

"As I have fully apprized Mr. White of the contents of this letter, I beg you to communicate with him on the subject, and to tell him very freely your opinion relative to the whole of its contents. I have, all circumstances considered, a very strong desire to retain my real property in that country, which I so ardently love, and to which I have preserved, through all circumstances, so invariable a fidelity; and though I would abandon that object rather than do any act of real injustice, I will never, while the present infamous abrogation of the laws of my forefathers exists, set my hand to any deed, or give, either expressly or tacitly, my sanction to so infamous a violation of my rights, as well as of the rights of all.

"We shall hardly be able to get the manuscript off before the month of January next; but, in the meanwhile, I shall be glad to hear from you, and to receive from you any suggestions that you may think useful.

"I have the pleasure to tell you that we all enjoy excellent health; and I assure you, that it will give us all great pleasure to have the same sort of account from yourself, Mrs. T., and family.

"I am, my dear Sir, your most obedient, and most humble servant,
"WILLIAM COBBETT."

The reply of Sir Francis Burdett:—

"TO MR. WILLIAM COBBETT.

"St. James's Place, Jan. 31, 1818.

"Sir,—I have just received yours of the 20th November, and carefully, and according to your desire, perused the enclosed to Mr. Tipper.

"It is not my intention to enter into any controversy respecting the honesty or dishonesty of paying or not paying debts according to the convenience of the party owing. It seems that, if it should ever suit your convenience, and take nothing from the comforts and enjoyments of yourself and family, such comforts and enjoyments, and means too of distinguishing themselves, as you think they are entitled to, all this being previously secured, then you think yourself bound to pay your debts; if, on the contrary, that cannot be effected without sacrifices on your and their part, in that case your creditors have no claim to prefer, and you no duty to perform. You then stand absolved, *rectus in furo conscientis*, and for this singular reason, because those who lent you their money when you were in difficulty and distress, in order to save you and your family from ruin, were and are unable to protect you either against your own fears, or the power of an arbitrary government, under which they have the misfortune to live, and to which they are equally exposed. These principles, which are laughable in theory, are detestable in practice. That you should not only entertain and act upon, but openly avow them, and blind your own understanding, or think to blind that of others, by such flimsy

had undeceived every one that was capable of being undeceived at all—and it was high time he should quit England.

He quitted it. He remained for many months absent. He returned, and he has now for several years been a resident at Kensington. Both while in America and since his return, he has been indefatigable in writing.—Both from Long Island and from Kensington, his Registers, and other works innumerable, have issued in regular succession. And what the result? Total apathy! complete neglect! not a soul to listen to him—nobody to buy his paper!—I speak, of course, comparatively. A considerable circulation, as compared with other weekly writers, he has all along maintained—but compared with what he himself was, or with what John Bull is—he is, and has long been, nothing, absolutely nothing. He has sunk, as to these matters, into the second, if not the third class—which, remembering what Cobbett used to be,—the high, haughty, and undisputed pre-eminence of his popularity, is certainly worse than ceasing to be altogether—at least I think so—and I suspect Cobbett in his own sulky inner soul agrees with me.

The pot-houses say he is bribed by the Ministry; of course, this is no more true of Cobbett than it is of John Bull. The present Ministry bribe no literary aides-de-camp—least of all such ones as Cobbett:—they well know, that whatever is the feeling of any considerable portion of the English population, will and must find a fitting organ of expression; and well knowing, as they would be fools if they did not know, that their cause is that of by far the greater proportion of the wealth, of the virtue, and of the talent of the empire; they, of course, can have no reason to doubt at any time, that their cause must be that also of the more respectable and influential portion of the press. It is their thorough reliance on this that accounts for the apparent apathy by which their general treatment of the press is characterized. They know that they have the stronger part of the press on their side, not because they, like

pretences, is one more melancholy proof of the facility with which self-interest can assume the mask of hypocrisy, and, by means of the weakest sophistry, overpower the strongest understanding. How true is our common law maxim, that no man is an upright judge in his own cause! how truly and prettily said by the French, ‘*La Nature se pipe;*’ nor less truly, though more grossly, in English, ‘Nature’s her own bawd.’

“In expressing my abhorrence of the principles you lay down for your conduct, and concerning which you challenge my opinion a little unfairly, considering the ridicule with which you at the same time threaten to overwhelm the unfortunate wight who presumes to differ from them, I do not desire that you should act upon any other with regard to me; I should be sorry your family were put to any inconvenience on my account; should your circumstances ever prove so prosperous as to enable you to discharge your debts without infringing upon those new principles of moral obligation you have adopted, and which, for the first time since the commencement of the world, have, I believe, been, though frequently acted on, openly promulgated. As to complaint or reproach, they are the offspring of weakness and folly; disdain should stifle them; but nothing can or ought to stifle the expression of disgust every honest mind must feel at the want of integrity in the principles you proclaim, and of feeling and generosity in the sentiments you express.—I am, Sir, your most obedient, and most humble servant,

“F. BURDETT.”

the Whig Walpole, make bribery of pamphleteers a regular *sine-qu-a-non* in all their operations, but because they know and feel that they owe their own existence as ministers to the universal predominance (in literature as in all other departments) of those very principles on which their policy has been built and established. Having this knowledge, it follows that they take no pains either about rewarding the Tory writers of this age, or punishing or repressing the press-gang of Whiggery. Why should they do either the one or the other? They know that literature is not *now* a thing to be managed, or even to be meddled with, in the old style. The days are gone by when £30,000 was considered a sufficient sum to bribe all Scotland—and the days are equally gone when British ministers of state used to consider the bribes of the gemmen of the press as necessary a part of the expenses of the year, as the pay of the army and navy. The truth is, that the press has become such a thing, that the Ministry, if they bribed at all, must bribe more than even England could afford. Only think for a moment—what sort of bribes *could* they offer to such literary men as they have the pride and glory of being supported by?

Mr. Thomas Campbell is a person I have a most particular affection, as well as respect, for; but what does he mean by taunting Mr. Wordsworth, in his last Magazine, with the possession of a little office in the stamp-department? What does Tom Campbell mean by treating Wordsworth at all in this strain? He is so absurd as to talk about Mr. Wordsworth being “a clever man,” and an “unpopular poet,” &c. &c. I pitied Tom when I read the passage—I truly pitied him. I was sorry to see a true poet like him lending himself to a party so far as to abuse a POET, whom, in his secret heart, he must feel to be immeasurably his own superior. Campbell railing at Wordsworth! What would you think of Bion or Moschus turning up their noses at Aeschylus or Plato? Besides, what was Tom thinking of? Wordsworth, after all, only succeeded to an office, an established and a necessary office, the duties of which, I suppose, nobody ever ventured to hint he is not most perfectly qualified to discharge; whereas—what think ye of the Whig plan?—when your friends were in, in 1806, Tom, a new office, and certainly not a *very* necessary one, was CREATED for the benefit of Mr. Dugald Stewart—The office of Gazette-writer for Scotland—salary, I think, £400 per annum. I mention the thing only to show how little you Whigs are in the habit of looking to the beam in your own eye—not assuredly for the sake of taking a cut at Mr. Stewart, whose genius and virtue well entitled him, if that had been all, to rewards infinitely above those which his party found, or, to speak more properly, formed, this opportunity of bestowing on him. I don’t object to Mr. Stewart’s sinecure; I only say it is ridiculous in the Whigs to sneer, during his incumbency, at Mr. Wordsworth’s possession of an office, which, after all, is *not* a sinecure, seeing that it is an office which cannot be put into the hands of any body but one capable of finding secu-

rity to a most serious extent, and which, therefore, implies anxious superintendance of a public fund; while Mr. Stewart's office is, as is notorious to all the world, as complete a sinecure as the recordership of the Duke of Sussex his *jeux d'esprit*—(if such a thing existed) could possibly be.

Cobbett, Canning, Campbell, Wordsworth, Dugald Stewart, and the Duke of Sussex! there is a pretty specimen of the art noble of digression! Return we, *suo periculo*, to the Sage of Kensington.

I called him, a little ago, “the Hero of Humbug;” and yet, in one view of the matter, there is, perhaps, less of humbug about William Cobbett, than about any one author of our time. He is, I rather suspect, the only one author who could stand up in any one given place, at any one given hour, with any one given production of his in his hand, and say, “here am I, and here is my production,” without giving occasion to a horse-laugh—ay, and being ready to join in it himself. It is very true, that he has contradicted himself five thousand times over, and that five thousand times more grossly than any other writer in or out of existence: that is all true; but, laying consistency, and all that sort of thing, entirely out of view, and looking solely to the style and strain of the sentiment and expression of any given passage in all his voluminous works, is there one that his intellect could possibly hesitate about avowing for its progeny? “I was wrong when I wrote that—I was misinformed, I was mistaken; but it was I that wrote it—nobody else could have written it;—it is mine, and passing the mistake, (or whatever you like to call it,) I glory in it.” Such would be his language, and such it ought to be. Speaking of him morally and politically, he is the most inconsistent of all men; but, talking of intellect only, and of the general bearing and character of mind and expression, he is the most consistent. He is the greatest hero of humbug in the one view—its greatest enemy in the other. The massive weight of his weapon is ever the same—a perpetual contrast, and a perpetual reproach, to the unsteadiness of his purpose. Weathercock he is; but he is one molten in the days of the giants.

You ask what I mean by this assertion, that Cobbett is, in any sense whatever, the most consistent of all living writers of the English tongue. I illustrate by a query or two. Take Lord Byron with the grin of exulting satire on his lips—take him when he is just winding up one of his best stanzas in *Beppo*, and ask him, pointing to some lachrymose piece of fustian in *Faliero*, who wrote *that*? Would he not shrug up his shoulders, and beg pardon—beg you to spare him any farther interrogatories? Or take him in the other vein—take him at midnight, pacing his chamber, conceiving the Dream of Sardanapalus, or the Apparition of the Witch of the Alps, or Lara's last Battle—take him then, and ask him who wrote such or such a vile, low, punning, sneering squib, about Mrs. Coleridge or Mrs. Southey—this gentlemanlike attack upon the personal appearance of an elegant and accomplished PRINCE,—or *that* heroic denunciation of a GOVERNESS—ask him such a question, at

such a moment, and would he not, as Shakspeare words it, "blush to see a nobleman want manners?"

Take *Wordsworth*, in the act of writing his *Laodamia*, and ask him if it was he that indited such or such a frantic note about *Jeffrey!* Take *Jeffrey* himself, in the act of reading *Laodamia*, and ask him if it was he that wrote such or such a quiz upon "the Stamp-collector for Cumberland." Take any body, but Cobbett—him you will never catch. Did he ever blush? did he ever confess repentance? Did he ever apologize to himself, or to any body else? He would as soon think of apologizing for the dinner that he ate three days ago, as for the libel that he uttered three years ago. He, he alone, is, *totus teres atque rotundus*:—"he rides through every storm with one "*Cobbettum vehis*" in his mouth;

"What cannoneer begat the unebbing blood?"

It is this, perhaps, that gives, more than any one particular besides, the distinct and peculiar character of Cobbett's genius. The thing, the very existence of the thing, implies the most absolute negation of all candour, decency, modesty, &c. &c. &c.; but it brings with it an ineffable air of power and determination, such as, considering things merely intellectually, adds prodigiously to the effect of his *genius*. Give him the moral qualities and feelings of other men, and double his *genius*, it is much to be doubted whether, on the whole, (still intellectually speaking, mind ye,) he would have any reason to thank you for the change.

It would be more than idiocy to address any body about Cobbett, in any other character than his bare intellectual character. If there be any body who puts the least faith in any thing he says, merely because *he* says it, that body must be destitute of soul. He has contradicted in and in, until the breed of his assertions are known by him that runs for their ricketty imbecility.—But although nobody believes any thing because Cobbett says it, it by no means follows that things are not true although Cobbett says them. My reason for writing to you about Cobbett, in short, is just this—I think the neglect into which he has fallen deprives people in general of a vast deal of entertainment; and I would fain justify what I say by a few extracts from some of those recent productions* of his, which, just because they bear his name, have been received with perfect apathy—in other words, have never sold at all among what you or I would call "the reading public"—although, had the tite of the shrewdness, wit, and English, they contain, come forth under any other auspices, there can be no sort of doubt the attention of the reading public, in all its branches, must have been most effectually roused.†

* We may, perhaps, select for a future number of the Museum, the review of a "Year's Residence in America," with which this article was concluded.

† We made inquiry to-day at the three chief club-houses here in Edinburgh, the New Club, the Albyn, and the "Little-go," or, "Six-and-eight-pence," as they call it, Queen Street, and Cobbett is not taken in at any of them. There is no politics in the choice of papers at these places, none whatever—so we must suppose the Register does not come north at all now-a-days.—[C. N.]

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

Written by an Officer, long resident in India, on his return to England.

I came, but they had passed away,—
The fair in form, the pure in mind,—
And like a stricken deer I stray,
Where all are strange, and none are kind;
Kind to the worn, the wearied soul,
That pants, that struggles for repose :
O that my steps had reach'd the goal
Where earthly sighs and sorrows close.

Years have past o'er me like a dream,
That leaves no trace on memory's page :
I look around me, and I seem
Some relic of a former age.
Alone, as in a stranger-clime,
Where stranger-voices mock my ear,
I mark the lagging course of time,
Without a wish,—a hope,—a fear!

Yet I had hopes,—and they have fled ;
And I had fears were all too true :
My wishes too!—but they are dead,
And what have I with life to do!
'Tis but to bear a weary load,
I may not, dare not, cast away ;
To sigh for one small, still, abode,
Where I may sleep as sweet as they :—

As they, the loveliest of their race,
Whose grassy tombs my sorrows steep ;
Whose worth my soul delights to trace,—
Whose very loss 'tis sweet to weep ;
To weep beneath the silent moon,
With none to chide, to hear, to see :
Life can bestow no dearer boon
On one whom death despairs to free.

I leave a world that knows me not,
To hold communion with the dead ;
And fancy consecrates the spot
Where fancy's softest dreams are shed.
I see each shade, all silvery white,
I hear each spirit's melting sigh ;
I turn to clasp those forms of light,
And the pale morning chills my eye.

But soon the last dim morn shall rise,
The lamp of life burns feebly now,—
When stranger-hands shall close my eyes,
And smooth my cold and dewy brow.
Unknown I lived,—so let me die ;
Nor stone, nor monumental cross,
Tell where his nameless ashes lie,
Who sigh'd for gold, and found it dross.

ELIA. Essays which have appeared under that Signature in the London Magazine. 8vo. pp. 346. 5s. 6d. Taylor & Co. 1823.

It is hardly necessary to introduce to the notice of our readers a work so well known as the series of essays which have appeared in the London Magazine under the somewhat fanciful signature of Elia, and have lately been collected into one volume in consequence of the celebrity which many of them have separately acquired. Their merits, which are transcendantly above the usual level of magazine productions, will best be examined by dividing them into three classes, Reminiscences, Extravaganzas, and Essays proper.—The first class embraces many portraits, some imaginary, some real, of things and persons which are gradually becoming obsolete for want of a little timely notice; and of which our children would have formed no distinct idea but for the assistance of this vivid and accurate recorder. The most valuable of these descriptions relate to the generation of actors just past, whose characteristics are so well hit off in those instances of which we are competent to judge, that we give implicit credence to the rest. The following portrait of the celebrated actor Dodd, in Sir Andrew Aguecheek, is no doubt as exact as that of the favourite of our youth, poor Dicky Suet; and is gracefully contrasted with the picture of his exit from life, which immediately follows.

" Few now remember Dodd. What an Aguecheek the stage lost in him! Lovegrove, who came nearest to the old actors, revived the character some few seasons ago, and made it sufficiently grotesque; but Dodd was it, as it came out of nature's hands. It might be said to remain *in puris naturalibus*. In expressing slowness of apprehension this actor surpassed all others. You could see the first dawn of an idea stealing slowly over his countenance, climbing up by little and little, with a painful process, till it cleared up at last to the fulness of a twilight conception—its highest meridian. He seemed to keep back his intellect, as some have had the power to retard their pulsation. The balloon takes less time in filling, than it took to cover the expansion of his broad moony face over all its quarters with expression. A glimmer of understanding would appear in a corner of his eye, and for lack of fuel go out again. A part of his forehead would catch a little intelligence, and be a long time in communicating it to the remainder.

" I am ill at dates, but I think it is now better than five and twenty years ago that walking in the gardens of Gray's Inn—they were then far finer than they are now—the accursed Verulam Buildings had not encroached upon all the east side of them, cutting out delicate green crannies, and shouldering away one of two of the stately alcoves of the terrace—the survivor stands gaping and relationless as if it remembered its brother—they are still the best gardens of any of the Inns of Court, my beloved Temple not forgotten—have the gravest character, their aspect being altogether reverend and law-breathing—Bacon has left the impress of his foot upon their gravel walks—taking my afternoon solace on a summer day upon the aforesaid terrace, a comely sad personage came towards me, whom, from his grave air and deportment, I judged to be one of the old Benchers of the Inn. He had a serious thoughtful forehead, and seemed to be in meditations of mortality. As I have an instinctive awe of old Benchers, I was passing him with that sort of subindicative token of respect which one is apt to demonstrate towards a venerable stranger, and which rather denotes an inclination to greet him, than any positive motion of the body to that effect—a species of humility and will-worship which I observe, nine times out of ten, rather puzzles than pleases the person it is offered to—when the face turning full upon me strangely identified itself with that of

Dodd. Upon close inspection I was not mistaken. But could this sad thoughtful countenance be the same vacant face of folly which I had hailed so often under circumstances of gaiety; which I had never seen without a smile, or recognised but as the usher of mirth; that looked out so formally flat in Foppington, so frothily pert in Tattle, so impotently busy in Backbite; so blankly divested of all meaning, or resolutely expressive of none, in Acres, in Fribble, and a thousand agreeable impertinences? Was this the face—full of thought and carefulness—that had so often divested itself at will of every trace of either to give me diversion, to clear my cloudy face for two or three hours at least of its furrows? Was this the face—manly, sober, intelligent,—which I had so often despised, made mocks at, made merry with? The remembrance of the freedom which I had taken with it came upon me with a reproach of insult. I could have asked it pardon. I thought it looked upon me with a sense of injury. There is something strange as well as sad in seeing actors—your pleasant fellows particularly—subjected to and suffering the common lot—their fortunes, their casualties, their deaths, seem to belong to the scene, their actions to be amenable to poetic justice only. We can hardly connect them with more awful responsibilities. The death of this fine actor took place shortly after this meeting. He had quitted the stage some months; and, as I learned afterwards, had been in the habit of resorting daily to these gardens almost to the day of his decease. In these serious walks probably he was divesting himself of many scenic and some real vanities—weaning himself from the frivolities of the lesser and the greater theatre—doing gentle penance for a life of no very reprehensible fooleries,—taking off by degrees the buffoon mask which he might feel he had worn too long—and rehearsing for a more solemn cast of part. Dying he ‘put on the weeds of Dominic.’” P. 311.

There is an admirably worm-eaten and obsolete gusto in the descriptions of the old South Sea clerks, perfectly in character with their dusty deserted bureau, “ever gaping wide and disclosing to view a grave court, with cloisters and pillars, with few or no traces of goers-in or comers-out;” and indeed the author himself gives us to understand, that these walking fixtures are copied faithfully, with merely the alteration of names. The characters also of Coventry and Salt, the senior benchers of the middle Temple, are pointedly contrasted with each other, as are those of Boyer and Field, the masters of Christ’s Hospital Grammar School. On the death of Boyer, a worthy and learned man, but as it seems, “a rabid pedant, with a heavy hand,” the following bon mot of Coleridge is recorded.

“Poor J. B.—may all his faults be forgiven; and may he be wafted to bliss by little cherub boys, all heads and wings, with no bottoms to reproach his sublunary infirmities.” P. 46.

In the same paper, (Christ’s Hospital five and thirty years ago) the author, whom we believe to be Mr. Charles Lamb, a gentleman already known in the literary world, does justice with a friendly, and apparently a discriminating pen, to the early talent of the gifted and eccentric genius above-mentioned, and commemorates also more than one distinguished character whose cotemporaries

* “Dodd was a man of reading, and left at his death a choice collection of old English literature. I should judge him to have been a man of wit. I know one instance of an impromptu which no length of study could have bettered. My merry friend, Jem White, had seen him one evening in Aguecheek, and recognising Dodd the next day in Fleet Street, was irresistibly impelled to take off his hat and salute him as the identical Knight of the preceding evening with a ‘Save you, Sir Andrew.’ Dodd, not at all disconcerted at this unusual address from a stranger, with a courteous half-rebuking wave of the hand, put him off with an ‘Away, fool!’”

they were. In this, as in other instances where real persons are introduced, the essayist deserves great credit for the discrimination and gentlemanly feeling which he has shown, “nought extenuating, nor ought setting down in malice;” and generally combining some redeeming trait with the foibles or oddities which he describes so amusingly. In no case does he appear either to squander away his praise, or to indulge a bantering propensity at the expense of the dead or living: and we cordially recommend his example to the Peters and other literary gossips of this gaping age.

The following ludicrous and at the same time painful anecdotes of the abuses of Christ’s Hospital as contrasted with its present self, are given by him with great naïveté and humour, and in a manner which shows that he possesses the power of gibbetting in effigy on proper occasions.

“ There was one H——, who I learned, in after days, was seen expiating some maturer offence in the hulks. (Do I flatter myself in fancying that this might be the planter of that name, who suffered—at Nevis, I think, or St. Kitts,—some few years since? My friend Tobin was the benevolent instrument of bringing him to the gallows.) This petty Nero actually branded a boy, who had offended him, with a red hot iron; and nearly starved forty of us, with exacting contributions, to the one half of our bread, to pamper a young ass, which, incredible as it may seem, with the connivance of the nurse’s daughter (a young flame of his) he had contrived to smuggle in, and keep upon the leads of the *ward*, as they called our dormitories. This game went on for better than a week, till the foolish beast, not able to fare well but he must cry roast meat—happier than Caligula’s minion, could he have kept his own counsel—but, foolisher, alas! than any of his species in the fables—waxing fat, and kicking, in the fulness of bread, one unlucky minute would needs proclaim his good fortune to the world below; and, laying out his simple throat, blew such a ram’s horn blast, as (toppling down the walls of his own Jericho) set concealment any longer at defiance. The client was dismissed, with certain attentions, to Smithfield; but I never understood that the patron underwent any censure on the occasion. This was in the stewardship of L.’s admired Perry.

“ Under the same *facile* administration, can L. have forgotten the cool impunity with which the nurses used to carry away openly, in open platters, for their own tables, one out of two of every hot joint, which the careful matron had been seeing scrupulously weighed out for our dinners? These things were daily practised in that magnificent apartment, which L. (grown connoisseur since, we presume,) praises so highly for the grand paintings ‘by Verrio, and others,’ with which it is ‘hung round and adorned.’ But the sight of sleek well fed blue-coat boys in pictures was, at that time, I believe, little consolatory to him, or us, the living ones, who saw the better part of our provisions carried away before our faces by harpies; and ourselves reduced (with the Trojan in the hall of Dido)

“ To feed our mind with idle portraiture.” P. 32.

Whether Mrs. Sarah Battle, the philosophic and eloquent commentator on Hoyle’s dry text, be a real character or not, she is admirable in her way; and if compounded by the author from the traits and maxims of antiquated spinsters, the conception does him the greater credit, and shows a power of identifying himself with the thoughts and arguments of all oddities after their kind. For our own part, though uninitiated into the mysteries of “square games,” we can almost fancy we enter into their spirit while listening to the old lady’s ingenious arguments in their favour.

Of his extravaganzas we must speak with more qualified praise, at the same time that we are inclined in candour to consider them

as such, and to allow, in his own phrase “that if we wrest his words beyond their fair construction, we ourselves are the April fools.” Accordingly we shall not confound Mr. Lamb with his “phantom cloud of Elia,” nor take his word for his professed ignorance of common geography and history. Nor shall we consider him as the apologist of swindlers and ragamuffins, because, with an indulgent feeling towards the waifs and strays of society, he has devoted a whole chapter of ingenious burlesque to the eulogy of a sort of Jeremy Diddler of his real or pretended acquaintance, and another to complaints against the successful labours of the Mendicity Society. Nay, we will even own to a feeling of indulgence for the truncated demi-centaur familiar to our early recollections as “poor Billy Bowldish,” and for the two blind Tobits, his “fellow patriarchs of poverty;” whom we trust that the zeal of that useful establishment has not confounded with the common herd of vagabonds and impostors. But in associating the shameless spendthrift Bigod in an act of considerate benevolence with the worthy humorist James White, Elia has introduced him into far too good company, and rendered his own serious reprobation of such characters rather doubtful in the eyes of those matter-of-fact people to whom he expresses such an instructive aversion in page 138.

The eulogium on roast pig, enlivened by the story of Bo-bo, is a fair and legitimate piece of good fun; intended, perhaps, as a hit at the modern mock-important school of gastronomy, with the sublime Louis Eustache Ude, at its head. Of All Fools Day it can only be said, that it is an inoffensive, and rather a tame piece of tom-foolery, suited to the occasion. But with the Essay on Munden’s acting, though possessing some laughable turns, we have more serious grounds of quarrel. Intending, towards the conclusion, to be more subtle and ingenious than usual, Elia quits the easy flow of thought and diction natural to him, and refines on his own meaning till he hardly understands it. The cacodæmon of cockneyism appears suddenly to have seized on his imagination, in the shape of Mr. Lecturer Hazlitt, and to have set his sentences frisking in forced jerks, like tumblers with their legs tied. Witness the following delectable effusion.

“A table, or a joint stool, in his conception, rises into a dignity equivalent to Cassiopeia’s chair. It is invested with constellatory importance. You could not speak of it with more deference, if it were mounted into the firmament. A beggar in the hands of Michael Angelo, says Fuseli, rose the Patriarch of Poverty. So the gusto of Munden antiques and ennobles what it touches. His pots and his ladles are as grand and primal as the seething pots and hooks seen in old prophetic vision. A tub of butter, contemplated by him, amounts to a Platonic idea. He understands a leg of mutton in its quiddity. He stands wondering, amid the common-place materials of life, like primæval man with the sun and stars about him.” P. 341.

Fie on it! Such quirks are unworthy of Elia, whose fertile genius has no occasion to produce and re-produce the same thought in different ways, with the fulsome assiduity of a man-milliner,

turning the same tawdry stuff to different lights. The least touch of the Rimini school is like the twang of garlic to our nostrils, and to do Mr. L. the justice he deserves, it seldom taints his pages.

In the "Complaint of the behaviour of married people," and "the Old and the New Schoolmaster," Mr. L. probably wishes to be considered as speaking merely in the adopted character of Elia; a warm-hearted, indolent, and somewhat splenetic old bachelor, with a sly bantering vein, and a dislike to forms and pretensions of all sorts. It would, therefore, be as preposterous to argue gravely with the misrepresentations uttered by his "Eidolon," as to serve a warrant upon a ghost; else we should condole with him on possessing a set of married acquaintances so much below the average of the Logs of Tooley-street, in politeness and *savoir vivre*.

"The excessive airs which those people give themselves, founded on the ignorance of us unmarried people, would be more offensive if they were less irrational. We will allow them to understand the mysteries belonging to their own craft better than we who have not had the happiness to be made free of the company: but their arrogance is not content within these limits. If a single person presume to offer his opinion in their presence, though upon the most indifferent subject, he is immediately silenced as an incompetent person. Nay, a young married lady of my acquaintance, who, the best of the jest was, had not changed her condition above a fortnight before, in a question on which I had the misfortune to differ from her, respecting the properest mode of breeding oysters for the London market, had the assurance to ask with a sneer, how such an old Bachelor as I could pretend to know any thing about such matters." P. 292.

"One good lady whom I took the liberty of expostulating with for not showing me quite so much respect as I thought due to her husband's old friend, had the candour to confess to me that she had often heard Mr. —— speak of me before marriage, and that she had conceived a great desire to be acquainted with me, but that the sight of me had very much disappointed her expectations; for from her husband's representations of me, she had formed a notion that she was to see a fine, tall, officer-like looking man (I use her very words); the very reverse of which proved to be the truth." P. 299.

Gentlewomen of the present day *do not* practise such rudenesses, much less behave with the brutality of Testacea, and the other woman with the indigestible dog-latin name (see page 300); and would be as surprised to recognise themselves in the paper in question, as our Vincents, and Goodalls, our Wartons and Raines, would have been to find their own likenesses in the pitiable tonguetied Pilgarlies described in the following passage.

"Why are we never quite at our ease in the presence of a schoolmaster?—because we are conscious that he is not quite at ease in ours.—He is awkward, and out of place, in the society of his equals. He comes like Gulliver from among his little people, and he cannot fit the stature of his understanding to yours. He cannot meet you on the square. He wants a point given him, like an indifferent whist-player. He is so used to teaching, that he wants to be teaching *you*. One of these professors, upon my complaining that these little sketches of mine were any thing but methodical, and that I was unable to make them otherwise, kindly offered to instruct me in the method by which young gentlemen in *his* seminary were taught to compose English themes.—The jests of a schoolmaster are coarse, or thin. They do not *tell* out of school. He is under the restraint of a formal and didactic hypocrisy in company, as a clergyman is under a moral one. He can no more let his intellect loose in society, than the other can his inclinations.—He is forlorn among his coevals; his juniors cannot be his friends." P. 122.

In the essay, however, on "the Artificial Comedy of the last

century," Mr. L. comes forward upon his own account, and speaks in sober earnest. His arguments in favour of Congreve and Wycherley, afford a plea to excuse every one, who, with the fool, "throws about firebrands, and saith, Am I not in sport?" Though the ribaldry of these old authors be open and manly, and preferable either to the nasty little tale of incest, which Mr. Leigh Hunt has selected from the whole of Dante, as so "cordial and refreshing," or to the aberrations of Tommy Moore's prurient angels; yet it is something to have driven such things from the stage to the closet; and whether we call it decency or hypocrisy, the age is to be congratulated on the prevalence of that matter-of-fact feeling, which in Elia's words, "affords no sanctuary and quiet Alsatia to hunted casuistry, and dares not dally with images or names of wrong." If, however, he seriously wishes the revival of exploded indecencies, we can only exclaim again in his own words, "God help thee, Elia! thou art sophisticated."

We turn to the third class of essays, in which the author speaks simply from his heart or his fancy, with much greater pleasure. Here it may be truly said, "Richard's himself again." Possessing in common with the rest, great humour and liveliness of allusion, as well as happiness of expression, they have also peculiar merits of their own. Frank and honest in unbosoming his own feelings and prejudices, arch in detecting those of others, and indulgent in sympathizing with them, he wavers between grave and gay with a grace which few, excepting the author of the *Sketch Book*, have attained.

We should, perhaps, select the reverie of Dream-Children as one of the prettiest gems in the volume. There is a pensive and imaginative *je ne sais quoi* in it which is easier felt than described, and which sometimes reminds of Wordsworth, sometimes of Washington Irving, but most of all, of those morning dreams which we find it difficult to analyse or describe to ourselves, and are agreeably surprised to find that another has found the art of presenting them in a distinct shape. The Quaker's Meeting, the Praise of Chimney Sweepers, and Modern Gallantry, will be read not only with pleasure, but with benefit to the better feelings. The former paper evinces a liberal candour, and a reverence for sacred things, which fully redeems any of those sallies on other subjects on which we may have had occasion to animadvert. From the praise of Chimney Sweepers we insert the following recommendation, which may operate on many who have not the courage to imitate the worthy James White in his whimsical hospitality.

"This is *Saloop*—the precocious herb-woman's darling—the delight of the early gardener, who transports his smoking cabbages by break of day from Hammet Smith to Covent-garden's famed piazzas—the delight, and, oh I fear, too often the envy, of the unpennied sweep. Him shouldest thou haply encounter, with his dim visage pendent over the grateful steam, regale him with a sumptuous basin (it will cost thee but three half-pennies) and a slice of delicate bread and butter (an added half-penny)—so may thy culinary fires, eased of the o'ercharged secretions from thy worse-placed hospitalities, curl up a lighter volume to the welkin—so

may the descending soot never taint thy costly well-ingrediented soups—nor the odious cry, quick-reaching from street to street, of the *fired chimney*, invite the rattling engines from ten adjacent parishes, to disturb for a casual scintillation thy peace and pocket!" p. 253.

We hope, for the honour of the sex, that such a person as "sweet Susan Winstanley" really did exist, and that she did actually administer the lesson to her lover which Elia has recorded. An author who can write as follows, cannot be in earnest in those disparaging reflections on women, which we have already noticed.

"I wish the whole female world would entertain the same notion of these things that Miss Winstanley showed. Then we should see something of the spirit of consistent gallantry; and no longer witness the anomaly of the same man—a pattern of true politeness to a wife—of cold contempt, or rudeness to a sister—the idolater of his female mistress—the disparager and despiser of his no less female aunt, or unfortunate—still female—maiden cousin. Just so much respect as a woman derogates from her own sex, in whatever condition placed—her handmaid or dependent—she deserves to have diminished from herself on that score; and probably will feel the diminution, when youth and beauty, and advantages, not inseparable from sex, shall lose of their attraction. What a woman should demand of a man in courtship, or after it, is first—respect for her as she is a woman;—and next to that—to be respected by him above all other women. But let her stand upon her female character as upon a foundation; and let the attentions, incident to individual preference, be so many pretty additaments and ornaments—as many, and as fanciful, as you please—to that main structure. Let her first lesson be—with sweet Susan Winstanley—to *reverence her sex.*" p. 187.

We cannot take leave of Elia without acknowledging the same feeling with which we part from an agreeable and original friend, whose humour has tickled our fancy even in those instances where we did not coincide with his judgment, and for whose more essential parts of character we entertain a high esteem. He may be considered as perhaps the only writer since Sterne, who has fully entered into his spirit, and hit his peculiar vein; and this without either his tedious digressions, his obscurity, or his indelicacy.

APHORISMS ON MIND AND MANNERS.

He who, after a loss, immediately, without staying to lament it, sets about repairing it, has that within himself which can control fortune.

The youth who can sneer at exalted virtue, needs not wait for age and experience to commence a consummate knave.

He whose first emotion on the view of an excellent production, is to undervalue it, will never have one of his own to show.

The conscious merit of true ability, never goes further than "I too am a painter."

The hardest trial of the heart is, whether it can bear a rival's failure without triumph.

Him whom descrewing at a distance, you turn out of the way to avoid, you may call your friend or benefactor, but you do not love.

He, who begins life with "*Nil admirari,*" will end it "*Epi-curi de grege porcus.*"

The man who, improving in skill or knowledge, improves in modesty, has an undeniable claim to greatness of mind.

Bravely to contend for a good cause is noble—silently to suffer for it, is heroical.

Would a man of rank estimate his real dignity, let him conceive himself in a state in which all rank is abolished.

All professions, it is said, have their mysteries—these are precisely the points in which consists their weakness or knavery.

To choose a good book, look in an inquisitor's prohibited list—to choose a good cause, see which interested men dislike.

There are three sights most detestable:—a proud priest giving his blessing,—a knavish hypocrite saying his prayers,—and a false patriot making a harangue.

Who says *hypocritical*, says all that is despicable in morals:—who says *affected*, says all that is odious in manners.

Columbus steering steadily westward for a land seen only by the eye of his reason, was one of the greatest of human characters:—a projector obstinately ruining himself in pursuit of a visionary scheme, may be one of the foolishest, but certainly not of the lowest.

Thoroughly to try a man's patience, he must have the labour of years consumed before his eyes in a moment:—thoroughly to prove it, he must instantly begin to renew his labour.

The woman of sensibility, who preserves serenity and good temper, amid the insults of a faithless brutal husband, wants nothing of an angel but immortality.

The woman who rises above sickness and poverty combined, may look down upon the noisy heroism of kings and generals.

Better to be moved by false glory, than not moved at all.

Nothing is such an obstacle to the production of *excellence*, as the power of producing what is *pretty good* with ease and rapidity.

As reasonably expect oaks from a mushroom bed, as great and durable products from small and hasty efforts.

Every work of great genius, and every work of great care and industry, will have its value; but mediocrity, with negligence, gives products of no value at all.

ON RELIGIOUS NOVELS.

A RELIGIOUS novel! Why, it is a direct contradiction in terms. Novels have been preached against by the religious of all ages, and of all sects. They were represented as equally destructive of the morals and dispositions of the world, and as intended only to seduce the young, and encourage the vicious. These representations were not merely directed to the mode in which novels were written. The plan or principle of novel-writing was deprecated and abused in the strongest terms. I never could see the slightest ground for

these general declamations against a class of writings, which, if well conducted, must inevitably be conducive to the improvement of society. But I can as little perceive any reason for adopting this species of composition as a medium for the inculcation of religious truths. On the contrary, I see many solid objections to it.

For my own part, I cannot away with a religious novel. It seems quite an anomaly in literature. Its materials are perfectly heterogeneous, and form a heavy, flat, stale, and unprofitable production,—unprofitable, at least, to the reader. Whatever may be said of its principles and its objects, I decidedly disapprove of its plan. The writers of such works may be actuated by the highest and best of motives, a desire to extend the knowledge and influence of divine truth,—and I am very ready to believe, that such are the motives which have place in their breasts; but are their works calculated to produce the effect they have in view? I do not think they are. On the contrary, I am inclined to be of opinion, that their real tendency is to injure the vital interests of religion. The sum and substance of my objection is, that religion is not a fit or becoming subject for the groundwork of a novel. Its principles are too dignified—its interests are too magnificent—its objects are far too important to admit of being moulded to the purposes of the novel-writer; and in introducing them at all to our consideration in the course of his story, he must inevitably lower their sacred character, and weaken their influence on the mind of the reader. I have no doubt, as already observed, of the honesty of the writer's intentions; and he may see various reasons for throwing his lucubrations into the form of a novel. It is very obvious, however, that such works are likely to give rise to the inference, that religion, openly and undisguisedly pourtrayed, would either alarm by its restraints, or fatigue by its dulness. They seem to proceed upon the principle, that the world must be tricked, or wheedled, into being religious; and that no better resource now remains, than to assume the disguise of worldlings, and of trifling, in order to find a place in that heart, or to remove a doubt in that judgment, which has remained unaffected or unconvinced by the appeals or by the reasonings of the philosopher and the divine. Works undertaken on such a principle compromise and lessen the dignity of religion. I am so deeply impressed with its important and sacred character, that I dislike all mention of it in the company of triflers, and deprecate all discussion of it in a trivial or irreverent mood. I have sometimes shuddered to hear its doctrines discussed, and its truths arraigned, in a company of tea-table chatterers; and, *multo magis*, I disapprove of its introduction in novels. Religion appears to me to be recommended by all that can interest the human heart, or influence the human judgment. Its principles require only to be known and understood, to be thoroughly admired and instantly adopted. The importance and interest which it possesses to every individual, impress it deeply and frequently upon his consideration. Its importance is of too great magnitude to allow him to rest satis-

fied with a superficial knowledge of its doctrines; and its interest is too intense and lively to admit of its being repressed or fatigued by speculation or discussion upon such a subject. The feelings and the imagination are not alone to be moved or excited. It is necessary that the judgment should be primarily convinced; and how is the judgment to be convinced of the reasonableness, suitableness, truth, and general excellence of religion? Surely by works expressly devoted to the consideration and discussion of religious subjects; and such discussions are neither dry, nor dull, nor wearisome. Their prodigious importance is sufficient to excite and command the attention of all, and these may be safely, and with great propriety, left to our established religious teachers, to the reasonings of the scholar and the man of sense. Are these novels qualified or calculated to assist in this good work? Do they unfold any new illustrations of divine truth, or are the examples they exhibit, or the sentiments they record, of such a tendency and character, as either to confirm the good in their virtuous course, or reform the vicious in theirs? I do not think they are. To the unbeliever or the irreligious, they afford matter of scorn and merriment. To the truly religious they must be productive of pain, rather than of pleasure or of benefit. Take, for example, any one of the many specimens which have been of late thrown upon the literary world: "Happiness," "Constancy," "Rich and Poor," *cum multis aliis*; and I would just ask, whether any one reader of these anomalous productions rises from their perusal, either a better man, or with a higher or more reverential opinion of religious truth?

I dare say, Mr. Editor, wise and sagacious though you be, you have often, like other people, who do not possess the same reputation for wisdom, been imposed on, and deceived, by newspaper puffs, in which a quotation from Shakspeare leads us to a most impotent panegyric upon a lottery broker. If you never were so imposed on yourself, you must, I am sure, have frequently observed others in this predicament. With what an expression of disappointment does a newspaper reader finish one of these paragraphs I have alluded to! I suspect very much it will be found, that the feeling produced by the perusal of a religious novel is somewhat similar. The mere novel reader is disappointed with its dulness and gravity; the more serious reader is displeased with its levity and buffoonery. If it leaves any impression at all, it must be one unfavourable to that cause which I am willing to believe the author intended to support. The utmost effect which I do think it is qualified to produce, is to superinduce a superficial, but more frequently erroneous knowledge of the realities of religion. It may indeed be said, that many a reader may be induced to open and peruse a serious book, in the form, and under the name of a novel, who would never think of opening one bearing a graver title or appearance. Even if this were correct, it appears to me to be a trick unworthy of religion; men are not to be taken by surprise.

on a subject of such deep importance. They are not to be trepanned into a conviction of the truths of religion; and, as already remarked, the appearance of any thing like trick must disgust and irritate. Neither is it attended with the efficacious and important consequences, which seem to be contemplated. A mere novel reader is not likely to be tempted to run through such a work, or, if he does, he very carefully skims or passes over the more serious parts; and after collecting the story, and amusing himself with the gayer passages, lays aside the book, I venture to say, with his veneration and regard for the sacred and divine character of religion somewhat lessened and impaired: readers of a more serious class may peruse it probably in a different spirit, and rise from its perusal with a different impression; but would they not have perused it with more unmixed pleasure, and with more decided benefit, had its more serious parts been unconnected with what is put in merely to interest or amuse? And, besides, such works are not addressed, or intended for readers of the latter description, who can find

"Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

There is another ground on which I would object to these serio-comic productions. I am very much of Gray's opinion, that to lie on a sofa and read new novels is one of the joys of Paradise. But this cannot be said of the works I allude to. Religion is too important and too serious to be productive of mere amusement. It has its proper place in the world of literature, and ought to be treated of and discussed in a manner becoming and suitable to its dignity and importance. One resorts to a novel for recreation and delight—not for information on disputed points of religion. It is as much out of place in a novel, as it is in the chit-chat of the vain and the gay. It affords me pleasure in one respect, to perceive that religion has now-a-days become so fashionable and so universal, because it is much better to be serious in our fashions than frivolous or wicked. But, to speak the truth, I do not much like the change. When young and lively, I loved to indulge in the gaiety and cheerfulness of youth, and now, when I am old, I love to dwell on the delightful retrospection, and take pleasure in seeing the youth of the present day sharing the same amusements, and enjoying the same frolicsome ness in which I formerly participated with so much zest. I loved the quiet seclusion and serious retirement of my closet, in its regular returns,—I loved the good old man who impressed on my mind, with holy fervour, the truths of divine religion—and, above all, I loved the lessons which he taught me. Things are changed now, and I do not think for the better. Far be it from me to wish to lessen the importance, or limit the influence of religious instruction; but I am afraid that the true principle of religion is generally, in our days, very much misunderstood. It is neither austere, nor gloomy, nor disagreeable. It imposes no check on our natural inclinations, unless where they are really

wicked or sinful—nor does it proscribe gratifications, which are in themselves innocent, although, perhaps, neither edifying nor improving. On the contrary, if properly understood, and truly felt by its disciples, it ought to superinduce a cheerfulness much more exhilarating than can be produced or derived from any mere worldly pleasures. But what are the opinions of our *religiosi* on these points? Not only are our most innocent and rational amusements objected to, and anathematized, but our very novels, the most delightful and exquisite of all our enjoyments, and, we are sure—when kept within the bounds of moderation—the most innocent also, are *not* openly censured or objected to, but converted into extraordinary vehicles for the communication of religious improvement! It would not be so annoying, or so disagreeable, to repress novel-writing altogether, as thus to deaden its influence, and destroy its efficacy, by a load of religious instruction. It is quite clear, that, by introducing so important and so engrossing a subject as religion, into this light and beautiful species of reading, besides the injury done to the religion itself, the world is deprived of a most rational and beneficial source of gratification. The literary labours of the much ridiculed, and perhaps much injured Leigh Richmond, and the ponderous tomes of Hannah More's lucubrations, are preferable to this insidious kind of composition. I hope I will not be misunderstood in expressing sentiments like these. My objection lies against the introduction of grave, important, and serious matter, into compositions which I have been accustomed to resort to for the most delightful recreation; and I found my objections as well upon the inconsistent and degrading conjunction, which is thus made between what is of deep importance and what is merely conducive to amusement, as upon the serious injury which I conceive such compositions are calculated to do to religion itself.

I do not therefore conceive this an evil of a trifling or unimportant nature. It is one which, within these few years, has become of considerable magnitude, and threatens to inundate and overwhelm our strongest barriers of literary recreation, as well as to overturn and degrade the principles of our sacred religion. I have been silently, and with regret, watching the progress of this unsuitable, and inconsiderate, and pernicious conduct—and I hope a remonstrance like the present, in the spirit of kindness and humanity, will put an immediate stop to the evil.

Miscellaneous Works of the late Dr. Arbuthnot. With an Account of the Author's Life; in two volumes, 12mo. A new Edition. London, 1770.

On the publication of the first edition of this work in 1750, there appeared the following advertisement in the newspapers of the day.

"Having seen two volumes, entitled *The Miscellaneous Works of the late Dr. Arbuthnot*, printed at Glasgow, I think it my duty to declare, that they are not the works of my late father, Dr. Arbuthnot, but an imposition on the public.

"**GEORGE ARBUTHNOT.**

"London, Sept. 25, 1750."

It is singular, that the writer of this advertisement should have thought it prudent to word it in such absolute terms, when he must have been aware, that the volumes in question undoubtedly contained many genuine productions of Dr. Arbuthnot's pen, and that consequently the effect of his disclaimer must be very much weakened by its obvious incorrectness. The only light, perhaps, in which it ought to be viewed is as an announcement from the representatives of Dr. Arbuthnot, that the publication appeared without the sanction of their authority, and that evidence of its genuineness must therefore be looked for from other sources. By a notice prefixed to this collection we are informed, that it contains all the author's pieces of wit and humour, with the exception of such as are comprised in *Swift's Miscellanies*. That some of these pieces are incorrectly attributed to Arbuthnot there is great reason to believe, and though we had no other assistance than is afforded us by internal evidence, we should feel inclined to reject several of the papers found in this collection, as unworthy the genius of the eminent individual to whom they are attributed. Amongst others, a poem, intitled *The Masquerade*, at the commencement of the second volume, bears no traces of Arbuthnot's pen. *The Freeholder's Political Catechism*, also, though an able composition, is by no means in the doctor's style either of writing or thinking. Without attempting to decide upon the genuineness of all the productions to which the name of Dr. Arbuthnot has been attached, we shall, when we have occasion to present our readers with specimens of his wit and humour, select them from compositions which we have good reason to believe genuine.

John Arbuthnot, the son of a clergyman of the Episcopal church of Scotland, and allied to the noble family from which he derived his name, was born at Arbuthnot, near Montrose, not long after the Restoration. Having at a proper age entered the University of Aberdeen, he applied himself with diligence to his studies, and ultimately took his doctor's degree. His father, not accommodating himself to the change of affairs at the Revolution, forfeited his living, and retired to a small estate of his own, while John and his brothers were compelled to look to their own exertions for their livelihood. Dr. Arbuthnot resolved to push his fortunes in London, where he was hospitably received in the house of Mr. William Pate, a linen-draper, where he resided for some time, and supported himself by teaching the mat' :matics. While he was thus employed, Dr Woodward, in 1695, published his *Essay towards a Natural History of the Earth*, a work to which Arbuthnot wrote an answer in 1697, under the title of an *An Examination of Dr. Woodward's Account of the Deluge, &c.*: which, considering the imperfect acquaintance, at that time, with the science

of geology, may be accounted a learned performance. It certainly laid the foundation of Arbuthnot's fame, which was extended by an Essay, published in 1700, *On the Usefulness of the Mathematics to young Students in the Universities*. His practice increasing with his reputation, he now became known to many of the most celebrated men of his day, and was, in 1704, elected a fellow of the Royal Society. By a fortunate accident, he was called in during the illness of Prince George of Denmark, and was shortly afterwards, by her majesty's special command, appointed physician extraordinary to Queen Anne. In 1709, this appointment was followed by that of fourth physician in ordinary; and in 1710, he was admitted a fellow of the College of Physicians. The confidence reposed in him by his royal mistress appears from the terms in which he is spoken of by Swift, who calls him "the queen's favourite physician," and "the queen's favourite." Being thus distinguished by his professional abilities, his influence at court, and his literary attainments, Arbuthnot acquired the friendship not only of the leading men of his party, as Harley and Bolingbroke, but that of all the wits and scholars of his time. On Swift's visit to London in 1710, a strict intimacy was formed between them, and soon afterwards Pope was added to the number of his friends.

In the year 1712 appeared the first part of *The History of John Bull*, of which it has been justly said, that "never was a political allegory managed with more exquisite humour, or with a more skilful adaptation of characters and circumstances. Dr. Aikin, in his *General Biography*, seems to consider Arbuthnot's claim to this satire to rest only upon the authority of the *Biographia Britannica*, but it is expressly attributed to him by Swift in his *Journal to Stella* (*Scott's Swift*, iii. 124); and by Pope in *Spence's Anecdotes* (*Singer's edit.* 145), who says, that "Dr. Arbuthnot was the sole author." The object of this highly humorous production was to throw a ridicule upon the splendid achievements of Marlborough, and, if possible, to render the country discontented with the war. Arbuthnot, who was one of that literary phalanx attached to the fortunes of Harley and the Tories, was aware how entirely the existence of that minister's power depended on a peace with France, and he therefore applied all the stores of his wit to the accomplishment of that desired end. With the same design, but with graver arguments, Swift had attacked the Whigs, in his celebrated treatise upon the *Conduct of the Allies*, and in his *Remarks upon the Barrier Treaty*. Powerful as was the effect produced by the pamphlet on the *Conduct of the Allies*, of which four editions were sold in the space of one week, there is every reason to believe, that the *History of John Bull* was equally efficacious in forwarding the purposes of the Tories. The ingenuity of the story, united to its intelligible straight-forward comic humour, rendered it a favourite in every quarter, while the exquisite skill of the satire gave it a keen relish to the politicians. Even in the selection of the names by which the person-

ages of the story are distinguished, there is something happy. The King of France is Lewis Baboon; the King of Spain, Lord Strutt. The States of Holland appear under the character of Nic Frog, the linen draper; and the Duke of Marlborough figures under the name of Humphrey Hocus, the attorney. A very principal object of the satire doubtless was to degrade the character of the duke, and accordingly he is represented as an “old cunning attorney, who loved money, was smooth-tongued, gave good words, and seldom lost his temper. He was not worse than an infidel, for he provided plentifully for his family, but he loved himself better than them all.” The sly attack with which this character concludes, must have been very galling to his grace; “the neighbours reported that he was hen-pecked: which was impossible by such a mild-spirited woman as his wife was.” It is difficult, and indeed we should hope, unnecessary, to give any extracts from this inimitable piece, which may be read to the greatest advantage in Sir Walter Scott’s valuable edition of *Swift’s Works*, (vol. vi.) where the satirical allusions are illustrated and explained by copious notes. After the accession of the House of Hanover, a supplement to *The History* appeared, but it has been doubted whether this is the genuine production of Arbuthnot’s pen. It appears to be the same as is inserted in the second volume of his *Miscellaneous Works*, there called, *The History of John Bull, part III.*, and the only part of the satire comprised in that collection. It has indeed been thought by some, that the two first parts of the *History*, as printed in *Swift’s Works*, are all that proceeded from Arbuthnot. Imitations of this satire have been from time to time attempted, amongst which, one entitled, *The History of Sister Peg*, is mentioned with high commendation by Sir Walter Scott. A composition of the same kind, under the title of *The History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan*, possessing considerable claims to merit, was published a few years ago in America, and attributed to Mr. Paulding, a gentleman of literary talent in that country.

In 1714 the celebrated *Scriblerus Club* was formed, consisting of most of the greatest wits and statesmen in the country. Amongst others, we learn from *Spence’s Anecdotes*, that Harley, Atterbury, Pope, Congreve, Gay, Swift, and Arbuthnot, were members. In this brilliant collection of learning and genius, no one was better qualified, both in point of wit and erudition, than Dr. Arbuthnot, to promote the object of the society, which was “to ridicule all the false tastes in learning, under the character of a man of capacity enough; that had dipped into every art and science, but injudiciously in each.” Political animosities, and the absence of some of their members, soon terminated the meetings of the club, though a portion of their labours still survives in three inimitable pieces—the first book of *Martinus Scriblerus*—the *Travels of Gulliver*—and *The Art of Sinking in Poetry*. Of these, the first book of *Scriblerus* was published after the death of Arbuthnot, in 1741, in the quarto edition of *Pope’s Prose Works*;

the *Travels of Gulliver*, in 1726; and *The Art of Sinking*, in the *Miscellanies* of Pope and Swift, in 1727. There is some difficulty in assigning to each of the "illustrious Triumvirate," as Warburton has called them, the exact share which they respectively took, in preparing for the world the Works and the *Memoirs* of the learned *Scriblerus*; but there seems to be every reason to believe, that of the three pieces mentioned above, Arbuthnot was the sole author of the first, Swift of the second, and Pope of the last. The first book of *Scriblerus* has, indeed, been printed in the collected editions of the works both of Swift and Pope, and is not to be found in the volumes at the head of the present article, and yet the internal evidence is sufficient to prove it the entire production of Arbuthnot, to whom Warton has attributed the fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, tenth, and twelfth chapters, "whatever may be determined of other parts of the *Memoirs*." The medical and antiquarian knowledge displayed in the other chapters, and the ridicule on Dr. Woodward in the third, afford, however, strong presumption of their having the same origin as the rest. The very humorous essay concerning the origin of the sciences, which is usually appended to the *Memoirs of Scriblerus*, appears from Spence, to be a joint production of Arbuthnot, Pope, and Parnell.

Notwithstanding the solemn censure of Johnson, who has asserted, that no one was ever wiser, better, or merrier, for reading this work, there does not, perhaps, exist a composition more perfect in its kind than the *Memoirs of Scriblerus*. The singular gravity of the style so finely opposed to the extravagant folly of the subject matter, and the depth of research and learning pompously bestowed upon the illustration of the most amusing trifles, give a keen relish to the satire, unequalled in any similar production. What can exceed the exquisite humour of the dissertation on the ancient music, and the practical exemplification of its power by the erudite Cornelius?

"The bare mention of music threw Cornelius into a passion. 'How can you dignify, (quoth he,) this modern fiddling with the name of music? Will any of your best hautboys encounter a wolf now-a-days, with no other arms than their instruments, as did that ancient piper, Pythocaris? Have ever wild-boars, elephants, deer, dolphins, whales, or turbots, showed the least emotion at the most elaborate strains of your modern scrapers, all of which have been, as it were, tamed and humanized by ancient musicians?' * * * Whence proceeds the degeneracy of our Mores? Is it not from the loss of ancient music, by which, says Aristotle, they taught all the virtues? Else might we turn Newgate into a college of Dorian musicians, who should teach moral virtues to those people. Whence comes it, that our-present diseases are so stubborn? Whence is it, that I daily deplore my sciatical pains? Alas! because we have lost their true cure by the melody of the pipe. All this was well known to the ancients, as Theophrastus^{*} assures us (whence Cælius[†] calls it *lœca dolentia decantare*) only, indeed, some small remains of this skill are preserved in the cure of the tarantula. Did not Pythagoras[‡] stop a company of drunken bullies from storming a civil house, by changing the strain of the pipe to the sober

* Athenæus, lib. xiv.

† Lib. de sanitate tuenda, cap. 2.

‡ Quintilian, lib. i. cap. 10.

spondens? and yet your modern musicians want art to defend their windows from common nickers. It is well known, that when the Lacedaemonian mob were up, they^{*} commonly sent for a Lesbian musician to appease them, and they immediately grew calm as soon as they heard Terpander sing. Yet I don't believe that the pope's whole band of music, though the best of the age, could keep his holiness's image from being burnt on the fifth of November.[†] Nor would Terpander himself (replied Albertus) at Billingsgate, nor Timotheus at Hockley in the Hole, have any manner of effect, nor both of them together bring Horneck[‡] to common civility.[§] That's a gross mistake, said Cornelius very warily, 'and to prove it so, I have here a small lyre of my own, framed, strung, and tuned, after the ancient manner. I can play some fragments of Lesbian tunes, and I wish I were to try them upon the most passionate creatures alive.' You never had a better opportunity,' says Albertus, 'for yonder are two apple-women scolding, and just ready to uncoif one another.' With that Cornelius, undressed as he was, jumps out into the balcony, his lyre in his hand, in his slippers, with his breeches hanging down to his ankles, a stocking upon his head, and a waistcoat of murrey-coloured satin upon his body. He touched his lyra with a very unusual sort of harpegiatura, nor were his hopes frustrated. The odd equipage, the uncouth instrument, the strangeness of the man and of the music, drew the ears and the eyes of the whole mob that were got about the two female champions, and at last of the champions themselves. They all approached the balcony in as close attention as Orpheus's first audience of cattle, or that of an Italian opera when some favourite air is just awakened. This sudden effect of his music encouraged him mightily, and it was observed, he never touched his lyre in such a truly chromatic and enharmonic manner, as upon that occasion. The mob laughed, sung, jumped, danced, and used many odd gestures, all which he judged to be caused by the various strains and modulations. 'Mark,' quoth he, 'in this the power of the Ionian; in that you see the effect of the Æolian.' But in a little time they began to grow riotous and threw stones: Cornelius then withdrew, but with the greatest air of triumph in the world, 'brother,' said he, 'do you observe, I have mixed unawares too much of the Phrygian. I might change it to the Lydian, and soften their riotous tempers. But it is enough; learn from this sample to speak with veneration of ancient music. If this lyre, in my unskillful hands, can perform such wonders, what must it not have done in those of a Timotheus or a Terpander?' Having said this, he retired with the utmost exultation in himself and contempt of his brother; and, it is said, behaved that night with such unusual haughtiness to his family, that they all had reason to wish for some ancient Tibicen to calm his temper."

In the quarto edition of 1741, the thirteenth Chapter of the *Memoirs of Scriblerus* was entitled *The Double Mistress*; but owing to the grossness of the greater part of it, it was omitted in the edition of *Pope's Works*, by Warburton. Dr. Warton and Mr. Bowles, less delicate than their predecessor, have admitted this highly humorous chapter, though, it must be confessed, it is not altogether fitted for the public eye. There appears to be little doubt that the chapter of *The Double Mistress*, like the rest of the first book of *Martinus Scriblerus*, was the unassisted production of Dr. Arbuthnot. In almost every part of it, we recognise his professional pen, and in the arguments of the learned counsel, Dr. Pennyfeather and Dr. Leatherhead, respecting the seat of the soul, we trace the development of an idea touched upon in a letter from Arbuthnot to Swift.[‡] There is not, perhaps, in the whole compass of the English language, so much wit and humour conjoined in the same number of pages, as in this obnoxious chapter. The

* Suidas in Timotheo.

† Horneck, a scurrilous scribbler, who wrote a weekly paper, called *The High German Doctor*.

‡ Scott's *Swift*, xvi. 153.

grave ludicrous is carried to its very highest pitch, and the solemn proceedings in the ecclesiastical court are certainly unequalled. As this portion of *The Memoirs of Scriblerus*, owing to the laudable decorum of Warburton, is probably out of the reach of many of our readers, we shall indulge in a short extract for their amusement. It must be premised, that while Martin was walking forth one evening "through the western confines of the famous metropolis of England, not far from the proud battlements of the palace of Whitehall," he beheld a caravan wherein a variety of wild beasts and monsters were exhibited for the admiration of the public.—Attracted by this spectacle, the youthful virtuoso entered.

"Martin, with infinite pleasure, heard the history of the several monsters, which was courteously opened to him by a person of a grave and earnest mien, whose frank behaviour and ready answers discovered him to have been long conversant with different nations, and to have journeyed through distant regions. By him he was informed that the lion was hunted on the Hills of Lebanon, by the Basha of Jerusalem; that the leopard was nursed in the uninhabited woods of Lybia; the porcupine came from the kingdom of Prester John; and the man-tiger was a true descendant of Hannibal the Magnificent.—'Sir,' said Mr. Randal (for that was the name of the master of the show) 'the whole world cannot match these prodigies: twice have I sailed round the globe; these feet have traversed the most remote and barbarous nations; and I can with conscience affirm, that not all the deserts of the four quarters of the earth furnish out a more complete set of animals than what are contained within these walls.'—'Friend,' answered Martin, 'bold is thy assertion, and wonderful is the knowledge of a traveller; but didst thou ever risque thyself amongst the Scythian cannibals, or those wild men of Abarimon, who walk with their feet backwards?' Hast thou ever seen the Sciopi, so called, because, when laid supine, they shelter themselves from the sunbeams with the shadow of their feet? Canst thou procure me a Troglodyte footman, who can catch a roe at full speed? Hast thou ever beheld those Illyrian damsels, who have two sights in one eye,—whose looks are poisonous to males that are adult? Hast thou ever measured the Gigantic Ethiopian, whose stature is above eight cubits high; or the Sesquipedalian pygmy? Hast thou ever seen any of the Cynocephali, who have the head and voice of a dog, and whose milk is the only true specific for consumptions?"—'Sir,' (replied Mr. Randal) 'all these have I beheld, upon my honour; and many more, which are set forth in my journal. As for your dog-faced men, they are no other than what stands before you; that is naturally the fiercest, but by art the tamest man-tiger in the world.'—'That word (replied Martin) is a corruption of the Manticora of the ancients; the most noxious animal that ever infested the earth, who had a sting above a cubit long, and would attack a rank of armed men at once, flinging his poisonous darts several miles around him. Canst thou inform me whether the boars grunt in Macedonia? Canst thou give me a certificate that the lions in Africa are afraid of the scolding of women? Hast thou ever heard the sagacious hyæna counterfeit the voice of a shepherd, imitate the vomiting of a man in order to draw the dogs together, and even call a shepherd by his proper name? Your crocodile is but a small one; but you ought to have brought with him the bird trochilos, that picks his teeth after dinner, at which the silly animal is so pleased that he gapes wide enough to give the ichneumon, his mortal enemy, an entrance into his belly. Your modern ostriches are dwindled to mere larks, in comparison to those of the ancients; their's were equal in stature to a man on horseback. Alas! we have lost the chaste bird porphyron; the whole race was destroyed by women, because they discovered the infidelity of wives to their husbands. The merops, too, is now nowhere to be found; the only bird that flew backwards by the tail. But say, canst thou inform me what dialect of the Greek is spoken by the birds of Diomede's island; for it is from them only we can learn the true pronunciation of that ancient language?' Mr. Randal made no satisfactory answer to these demands, but harangued chiefly upon modern monsters, and seemed willing to confine his instances to the animals of his own collection, pointing to each of them, in order, with his rod."

How much Dr. Arbuthnot was interested in forwarding the designs of the Scriblerus Club, may be partially collected from his correspondence. In a letter to Swift, dated the 26th June, 1714, (*Scott's Swift*, xvi. 151) and addressed to the Dean during his temporary secession at Letcombe, from the toils and vexations of a political life, he says :

"Pray remember Martin, who is an innocent fellow, and will not disturb your solitude. The ridicule of medicine is so copious a subject that I must only here and there touch it. I have made him study physic from the apothecaries' bills, where there is a good plentiful field for a satire upon the present practice. One of his projects was, by a stamp upon blistering plaisters and melilot, by the yard, to raise money for the government, and to give it to Hatchifice and others to farm.—But there was likely to be a petition from the inhabitants of London and Westminster, who had no mind to be flead. There was a problem about the doses of purging medicines published about four years ago, showing that they ought to be in proportion to the bulk of the patient. From thence Martin endeavours to determine the question, about the weight of the ancient men, by the doses of physic that were given them."

Some more drollery of the same nature follows, from the style of which we should be inclined to believe, that the *Life and Adventures of Don Bilioso de l'Estomac*, in the first, and the *Essay upon an Apothecary*, in the second volume of his works, are properly attributed to the pen of Dr. Arbuthnot. Again, in another letter to Swift, dated 17th July, 1714, (*Scott's Swift*, xvi. p. 177) the writer says :

"Whiston has at last published his project of the longitude; the most ridiculous thing that ever was thought on. But he has spoiled one of my papers of Scriblerus, which was a proposal for the longitude, not very unlike his; to this purpose: that since there was no pole for east and west, that all the princes of Europe should join and build two prodigious poles, upon high mountains, with a vast light-house to serve for a pole-star. I was thinking of a calculation of the time, charges, and dimensions. Now you must understand his project is by light-houses, and explosions of bombs at a certain hour."

These humorous projects in favour of rational science, were soon interrupted by the turbulence of those political scenes, in which Arbuthnot was, as we have seen, no inconsiderable actor. Like Swift, his efforts had been vainly directed to a reconciliation of the two rival ministers, Harley and Bolingbroke; and he appears to have incurred some ill-will by these conciliatory attempts. In a letter of July 24, 1714, to Dean Swift, he thus writes :

"I was told to my face, that I did not care if the great person's affairs went to entire ruin, so I could support the interests of the dragon (Harley). * * * Come up to town, and I can tell you more. I have been but indifferently treated myself, by somebody at court, in small concerns. I cannot tell who it is; but mum, for that." (*Scott's Swift*, xvi. 189.)

The prospects of the Tories, darkened by the dissensions of their leaders, and the desperate state of the queen's health, were now drawing rapidly to a close; and Arbuthnot appears, at this time, to have felt all that anxiety for the fate of himself and his friends, which such a situation of affairs was calculated to excite. On the 27th of July, Harley resigned the treasurer's staff, and Bolingbroke for a moment rejoiced in his successful intrigues; but the disease

of the queen, doubtless aggravated by the vexations she had endured, was making a fearful progress, and notwithstanding all the efforts of her physicians, Arbuthnot and Mead, she died on the 1st of August. This was the finishing blow to the hopes of the Tories. *Fuimus Tories!* said Arbuthnot, with a wit, which neither grief nor anxiety could repress. Never was the dispersion of a party more complete. The kind heart and generous feelings of Arbuthnot were shocked at the scene he was now compelled to witness; and, in a letter to Dean Swift, on the 12th of August, full of the warmest affection towards his friend, he thus expresses himself:

"My dear mistress's days were numbered, even in my imagination. * * * I believe sleep was never more welcome to a weary traveller, than death was to her. * * * I have figured to myself all this melancholy scene; and even, if it be possible, worse than it has happened, twenty times,—so that I was prepared for it. My case is not half so deplorable as poor Lady Masham's, and several of the queen's servants, some of whom have no chance for their bread, but the generosity of his present majesty, which several people that know him very much commend."

The treatment which Arbuthnot experienced at this adverse term of his fortunes, appears to have made a deep impression upon his feelings:

"I have an opportunity (says he, in the letter from which we have just cited) calmly and philosophically to consider that treasure of vileness and baseness that I always believed to be in the heart of man, and to behold them exert their insolence and baseness; every new instance, instead of surprising and grieving me, as it does some of my friends, really diverts me,—and, in a manner, proves my theory."

In a subsequent letter, dated October 19, (*Scott's Swift*, xvi. 246,) a still more deplorable account is given of the misfortunes in which the queen's death had involved her courtiers. "The queen's poor servants are like so many poor orphans exposed in the very streets." Arbuthnot himself was compelled to quit his establishment in St. James's palace, and to take a house in Dover-street, where he endeavoured to forget his political anxieties in literary occupation. His spirits appear to have suffered considerably at this time, for, in a letter to Pope, on the 7th September, 1714, (*Scott's Swift*, xvi. 241) he says:

"I am extremely obliged to you for taking notice of a poor, old, distressed courtier, commonly the most despicable thing in the world. This blow has so roused Scriblerus, that he has recovered his senses, and thinks and talks like other men. From being frolicsome and gay, he is turned grave and morose. * * * Martin's office is now the second door on the left hand in Dover-street, where he will be glad to see Dr. Parnell, Mr. Pope, and his old friends, to whom he can still afford a half-pint of claret."

In this letter is contained that admirable picture of Dean Swift's state of mind, after the defeat of his party:

"I have seen a letter from Dean Swift: he keeps up his noble spirit; and though like a man knocked down, you may behold him still with a stern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adversaries."

Arbuthnot also, though depressed for a time, soon resumed his

humorous pen; and, true to the interests of his party, produced, early in the following year, another political pasquinade.

At the conclusion of the first volume of the *Miscellaneous Works*, we find a curious article, entitled, *Notes and Memorandums of the six days preceding the Death of a Right Reverend —containing many remarkable passages, with an Inscription designed for his Monument.* Printed in 1715. That this satire on Bishop Burnet is the composition of Arbuthnot, rests entirely on the credit of the editor of the present collection, and on its internal evidence; but from its comic and cutting humour, it seems to be attributed to its proper author. If, indeed, it was published at the time of the bishop's death, which happened on the 17th of March, 1715, it would certainly seem to detract somewhat from Arbuthnot's well-merited reputation for humanity and kind feeling. Among all the political opponents of the tory faction, none appear to have incurred greater odium than Burnet, whose honest relation of the history of his own times excited at once the fear and the spleen of his enemies. To ridicule that valuable work, even before its publication, all the literary talents of the tories were put into requisition; and while Arbuthnot performed his share of the task in the present *Notes and Memorandums*, Pope gave to the world the *Memoirs of P. P. Clerk of this Parish.* It appears from the *Testimonies of Authors*, prefixed to the *Dunciad*, (*Warton's Pope*, v. 33.) that a Mr. James Moore Smith, wishing to satirize the Bishop of Sarum, "pressed Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Pope to assist him therein;" but it also appears from the same authority, that this gentleman, "having more mind than ability," was unable to accomplish his purpose. To the hint thus given, may, perhaps, be owing the *Memoirs of P. P.*, and the present satire. Dean Swift very probably assisted in the composition of the *Memoirs of P. P.*, and contributed his share towards irritating and injuring the bishop, by an ironical preface to the introduction to the third volume of the *History of the Reformation*. He there represents Burnet, who had produced a pamphlet as a precursor to his folio, as "armed only with a pocket pistol, before his great blunderbuss could be got ready, his old rusty breast-plate scoured, and his cracked head-piece mended."—(*Scott's Swift*, iv. 314.) Burnet took a silent revenge upon the Dean, and totally omitted any mention of him in his history. In the short remarks by Swift upon Bishop Burnet's history, (*Scott's Swift*, x. 252,) the Dean has, indeed, done justice to his adversary's sincerity. "He is," says he, "the most partial of all writers that ever pretended so much to impartiality, and yet I, who knew him well, am convinced that he is as impartial as he could possibly find in his heart: I am sure more than I ever expected from him, particularly in his account of the papists and fanatic plots. * * * After all he was a man of generosity and good nature, and very communicative; but in his last ten years was absolutely party-mad, and fancied he saw popery under every bush." Of the attacks thus made upon the honest

bishop, Pope's, perhaps, displays most wit and ingenuity, and Arbuthnot's the most comic humour. The personal vanity and egotism of Burnet are unmercifully ridiculed.

"Sunday."

* * * "Resolve to see nobody to-day. Resolve to drink three quarts of water-gruel instead of my tea. Sick, very sick: call for my man. Order him to bring the folio in MS. of my own life and times. Consider what a great name I shall leave behind me. Dr. Wellwood stole his memoirs from my conversation. He has gained a great reputation. I shall certainly be better than Thuanus. Man brings the book. Begin to read. An excellent preface: very happy at prefaces. Courts of Charles and James. *Juggling, tricking, mistresses, French money, more money, slavery, popery, arbitrary power, liberty, plots, Italy, Geneva, Rome, Titus Oates, Dangerfield, money again, peace, war, war, peace, more money.* Lay down the book, reflect how I came to know all this. * * * Drink a glass of wine. Try to go to sleep in my easy chair. Nod a little. Wake better. Return to my book. Read and drink tea till night. Much about myself. Vacancies of places. Bishopricks, deaneries, livings. New oaths. Clergy obstinate. Sherlock alone: South and Sherlock: Fenwick, Collier. Parliament against us. Tories prevail. Miserable times. Preach against them. Interrupted. Friend comes in by Jonathan's mistake. Good news however. All of our side; public justice: no security like it. Talk of indifferent matters. Pity L—d Thomas's son. It must be dissolved. Afflictions fall to the righteous. Sons are strange giddy things. Think of my Tom." Read a page of my book to a friend. He is in raptures; I am much better. Talk cheerfully. Drink some sack. Clock strikes nine. He goes. Walk about a little. Feet weak. Giddiness in the head. Call for my quilted cap. Look in the glass. Cap falls over mine eyes. Sad token; new fears. *Mem.* To send for a physician in the morning. Human means necessary. Man must co-operate. Grow worse. Go to bed. Forget that it was Sunday."

The scene of the good bishop preaching an extempore sermon to his family in his chamber, is inimitable.

"Order the family to come up stairs at seven. Resolved to preach before them extempore. Not much matter what the text is; easy to run off from the subject and talk of the times. * * * Bid my man get the great chair ready. Family comes up. Survey them with delight. The damsel Jane has a wicked eye. Robin seems to meet her glances. Unsanctified vessels! children of wrath! * * * Look again at Jane. A tear of penitence in her eye. Sweet drops! Grace triumphs! Sin lies dead! Wish Tom were present. He might be reformed. Consider how many sermons it is probable Tom hears in one year. Afraid not one. Alas the Temple! Alas the Temple! The law eats up divinity; it corrupts manners, raises contentions amongst the faithful; feeds upon poor vicarages, and devours widows' houses, without making long prayers. Alas the Temple! Never liked that place since it harboured Sacheverell. He certainly spread an infection there. A swimming of my head. Seem to hear the noise of tumults, riots, seditions. Fresh noises of high church; the doctor: what would the multitude have? Why are they incensed? Who of our order has offended? Impeach, silence, hang, behead? That a name of a man should turn one's head to a giddiness! Say a short mental prayer. Cool by degrees. Jane petitions not to hear the sermon, but make her beds. There is no dealing with youthful inclinations. They are unsteady in every path. They leave the direct way. Walk in by places and corners. Give her leave to depart. Resolve within myself to deny Robin to go, if he should ask. Robin asks. Reprove him thus: 'I have watched your mutual temptations, and the snares you laid for each other. You, Robin, I say, and the damsel Jane. Forbear your iniquity; struggle with sin; make not excuses to follow the handmaid. Thou shalt stay here, and hear and edify.' Prepare to preach. Hem thrice. Spread my hands; lift up my eyes; attempt to raise myself. Sink backwards. Faint suddenly."

In the journal for Monday, a dialogue is introduced between the

* Thomas Burnet, educated to the bar, and afterwards Mr. Justice Burnet.

bishop and his physician, Sir Samuel Garth, who was, in fact, the Æsculapius whom the Whigs worshipped, as the Tories did Arbuthnot. The latter, indeed, may be said to have been displaced by Garth, who was knighted with Marlborough's sword, on the accession of the House of Hanover, and appointed physician to the king. Sir Samuel is well known to have been somewhat free in his sentiments upon religion, a circumstance which is touched upon in this dialogue, and which occasioned the remark of Pope, that if ever there was a good Christian without knowing himself to be so, it was Dr. Garth. Proceeding from the pen of a rival, both in medicine and polities, this dialogue may be considered as curious and interesting. We subjoin the conclusion, from which we may infer, that Garth adopted the *rough* manner towards his patients, in preference to that smooth and conciliating style of address, which sometimes marks the courtly physician.

"*Patient.* Don't shake your head so, dear doctor. Tell me plainly what hopes you have of me. I don't love to be flattered, I never flattered any body myself.

"*Doctor.* No! That's strange indeed; flatter nobody! I wonder how you lived so long then. Come, put out your tongue, that must be viewed too.

"*Patient.* Why, doctor, you don't pretend to tell by one's tongue whether one has flatter'd or no. Come, to oblige you, see it.

"*Doctor.* A strange tongue! an unflattering tongue, truly! For it tells a sad truth, I am sure, at present.

"*Patient.* Pray what's that?

"*Doctor.* Only you have got a lurking fever, and your *church bellows* are so inflamed, that I dare prognosticate they can't blow much longer.

"*Patient.* Ah, doctor! I have used them, I fear, with too much vehemence: they have been serviceable lungs for our cause. But give me a little better comfort before you leave me.

"*Doctor.* If *blood-letting*, *coolers*, *lambatives*, and *pectorale*, are comforts, I shall prescribe you enough, never fear. But I have your own word not to flatter you.

"*Patient.* But do you think I can weather it, or how long is it probable I shall last?

"*Doctor.* Till you stink, as far as I know. You should have sent for me sooner; and yet I am not certain but that you may survive it. I would have you cheer up, *Son of Thunder*. A good spirit is a half cure in many cases. Besides I know you black gentlemen have a good trick at deceiving the devil. It is your business to do it. Stand upon your guard, for it is *pro aris et focis* now.

"*Patient.* I will, I will—but, prithee, don't be so irreligious, Doctor; I have a great respect for your constancy in a good cause, and your name has done us service in verse and prose.

"*Doctor.* Why, sir, have you the vanity to think, that religion ever did our cause any service? If that comes into your head, and you squeak at last, it is time for me to bid you good night.

"*Patient.* I will do any thing you order me, but I must confess, that I begin to think a man can't die easily without repentance.

"*Doctor.* Farewell then; my time is past; there can be no hopes, if you talk at this rate. I will tell the kit-cat club of you, and it shall be known to every man at court, that you die like a pedant. Farewell."

That Arbuthnot did not entertain any very high opinion of his rival, appears from a passage in a letter written to Dean Swift, soon after the queen's death, (*Scott's Swift*, xvi. 246,) in which he says, "Garth told me his merit was giving intelligence about his mistress's health. I desired he would do me the favour to say, that I valued myself upon quite the contrary; and I hoped to live

to see the day when his majesty would value me the more for it too."

In order to divert the chagrin occasioned by the queen's death and the misfortune of his friends, Dr. Arbuthnot determined to make a tour in France, where he left two of his daughters under the care of their uncle, who was residing in that country. In the memoirs prefixed to his miscellaneous works, this journey is said to have been undertaken before 1716; but from a letter addressed to Swift, (*Scott's Swift*, xvi. 338,) it must have taken place in 1718. He staid six weeks at Paris, and as long at Rouen. During his residence at Paris, he had the honour of appearing at court as the conductor of a celebrated Irish beauty, Miss Nelly Bennet, upon whom some lines appear in *Swift's Works*, (xiii. 347,) which were probably the production of Arbuthnot himself. Miss Bennet was "admired beyond all the ladies in France for her beauty—She had great honours done her. The hussar himself was ordered to bring her the king's cat to kiss." Previously to his visit to France, Arbuthnot is said to have assisted Gay in the farce of *Three hours after Marriage*, which was brought upon the stage in 1716. The satirical attack in the drama upon Dr. Woodward, seems to favour this supposition.

In the autumn of 1722, Arbuthnot, finding himself unwell, visited Bath, whither he was accompanied by one of his brothers, who had lately arrived in England, probably the one under whose care he had left his daughters on his visit to Paris in 1718. Mr. Robert Arbuthnot was a person of a singularly benevolent character, and is commemorated in a letter from Pope to the Hon. Robert Digby, (*Warton's Pope*, viii. 58.) "His brother, who is lately come to England, goes also to the Bath, and is a more extraordinary man than he, and worth your going thither on purpose to know him. The spirit of philanthropy, so long dead to our world, is revived in him. He is a philosopher all of fire; so warmly, nay, so wildly in the right, that he forces all others about him to be so too, and draws them into his own vortex. He is a star, that looks as if it were all fire, but is all benignity, all gentle, and beneficial influence. If there be other men in the world that would serve a friend, yet he is the only one I believe that could make even an enemy serve a friend."

There are but few traces of Arbuthnot's proceedings for some years after this time, nor does he appear, during that period, to have been occupied in any literary undertakings. He was chosen second censor of the College of Physicians, on the 30th September, 1723; and, in the autumn of 1725, he had a dangerous attack of illness. His friend Pope visited him on this occasion, and thus communicates the intelligence of his illness to Dean Swift. "Dr. Arbuthnot is, at this time, ill of a very dangerous distemper, an imposthume in the bowels, which is broke, but the event is very uncertain. Whatever that be (he bids me tell you, and I write this by him,) he lives and dies your faithful friend, and one reason

he has to desire a little longer life is, the wish to see you once more." (*Scott's Swift*, xvi. 35.) The news of the doctor's recovery was conveyed by himself in a letter to Swift, on the 17th October, 1725, in which he adds, "people tell me of new *impostures* (as they call them) every day." (xvi. 47.) In the following year, although the circumstance does not appear in the memoirs prefixed to his works, the doctor again seems to have visited France, as may be collected from a letter addressed to him by Pope. (*Warton's Pope*, vii. 366.) In the year 1727, he published a work of great learning and value, entitled *Tables of ancient Coins, Weights, and Measures, explained and exemplified in several dissertations*, 4to. This volume, which does great honour to the antiquarian knowledge, and industry of the writer, though not wholly free from inaccuracies, has ever since been considered a standard work. Although much engaged in professional evocations, he still occasionally diverted himself in compositions of wit and humour, amongst which his Epitaph upon the infamous Colonel Chartres has been preserved. In 1732, he published a professional treatise *On the Nature and Choice of Aliments*; and, in the following year, an essay *On the Effects of Air on Human Bodies*.

Although the health of Arbuthnot was now fast declining, yet, if we may credit the date, (January 26, 1734-5,) affixed to a paper in his miscellaneous works, entitled *Critical Remarks on Capt. Gulliver's Travels, by Dr. Bantley*, his facetious genius did not desert him even at the very close of his life. The well-preserved gravity of these critical remarks, and the copious citations from ancient authors with which they are accompanied, certainly induce a belief that they are the production of Arbuthnot. The writer's object was to prove, that the Houyhnhnms were well known to the ancients, which he affects to do by numerous authorities, some of which he has manufactured with great skill, of which the following imitation of Chaucer may serve as an instance.

"The first author I shall cite is Chaucer, a poet from our own nation, who was well read in the ancient geography, and is allowed by all critics to have been a man of universal learning, as well as of imitable wit and humour.

"The passage is literally thus, as I transcribed it from a very fair ancient copy in the Bodleian library, and compared it with other editions in the library of St James's, my Lord Oxford's, and Lord Sunderland's.

"Certes (quod John) I nat denye
That touchende of the steedes' countrye,
I rede as thylke old Cronyke seythe
Y long before our Crysten feythe
Ther ben, as ye shull understande,
An yle ycleped Coursyr's londe,
Wher nis ne dampnyng covetise
Ne letchere hottie in saintes gise:
Ne seely squire, lyche browdred ape
Who maken Goddes boke a jape;
Ne leman vyle, mishandlyng youthe
Ne woman, britell ware in sothe;
Ne flattrir, ne unletterred clerke
Who richen him, withouten werke;
For vice in thought ne als in dede
Was never none in londe of Steede."

"From this remarkable passage it is evident, that the nation of the Houyhnhnms was commonly known to the ancient inhabitants of this island by the name of Sted-londc, or Steed-land; and that their manners, which are, indeed, more copiously treated of by the traveller, are yet described with great strength and beauty by the poet."

Finding the state of his health becoming still more precarious, Dr. Arbuthnot retired, in 1734, to Hampstead. "I came out to this place" (says he, in an affecting letter to his friend Swift, dated Oct. 4,) "so reduced by a dropsey and an asthma, that I could neither sleep, breathe, eat, or move. I most earnestly desired and begged of God that he would take me." Contrary to his hopes and expectations, the air of Hampstead revived him for a little while, and he again enjoyed the society of his friends, and the endearing attentions of his family, with all that warmth of heart and cheerfulness of temper, for which he was remarkable. He had, indeed, sustained a severe loss in the death of one of his sons, and this circumstance, joined to the grief which his family displayed at the prospect of losing so affectionate a parent, was a sensible affliction to him. His attachment to Swift is strongly and tenderly manifested at the conclusion of this letter. "I am afraid, my dear friend, we shall never see one another more in this world. I shall to the last moment preserve my love and esteem for you, being well assured you will never leave the paths of virtue and honour; for all that is in this world is not worth the least deviation from that way."

In the same strain of earnest friendship, Dr. Arbuthnot had a little while before addressed a letter to Pope. (*Warton's Pope*, viii. 242.)

"As for you, my good friend, I think, since our first acquaintance, there have not been any of those little suspicions or jealousies, that often affect the sincerest friendships: I am sure not on my side. I must be so sincere as to own, that though I could not help valuing you for those talents, which the world prizes, yet they were not the foundation of my friendships; they were quite of another sort; nor shall I at present offend you by enumerating them; and I make it my last request, that you will continue that noble disdain and abhorrence of vice which you seem naturally endued with; but still with a regard to your own safety, and study more to reform than chastise, though the one cannot be effected without the other.

"A recovery in my case and at my age is impossible; the kindest wish of my friends is Euthanasia. Living or dying, I shall always be yours."

Pope was not insensible to the affection and advice of his excellent friend. "If," says he in his reply, "it be the will of God (which I know will also be yours) that we must separate, I hope it will be better for you than it can be for me. You are fitter to live or to die than any man I know. Adieu, my dear friend, and may God preserve your life easy, or make your death happy." The closing wish of this letter was soon afterwards accomplished. Arbuthnot, finding his recovery hopeless, left Hampstead, and returned to his house in Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, where he died, on the 27th February, 1734-5. Of his family, one son, Charles, entered into the church, and died shortly before his father; and another

ther, George, filled the post of secondary in the Remembrance Office under Lord Masham, a lucrative appointment.

As a wit and a scholar, the character in which he is best known to us, Arbuthnot may be justly ranked amongst the most eminent men of an age distinguished by a high cultivation of intellect, and an almost exuberant display of wit and genius. To have been an equal sharer in the reputation of such men as Swift, Pope, Addison, and Gay, were alone the highest praise, but as a satirist, and a writer of humour, Arbuthnot has been acknowledged by some of his most celebrated contemporaries to have been their superior. "His good morals," Pope used to say, "were equal to any man's, but his wit and humour superior to all mankind." "He has more wit than we all have," said Dean Swift to a lady, "and his humanity is equal to his wit." In addition to these brilliant qualities, the higher praise of benevolence and goodness is most deservedly due to him. His warmth of heart and cheerfulness of temper rendered him much beloved by his family and friends, towards whom he displayed the most constant affection and attachment. The character which Swift has left us of him is in the dean's best manner.—"Mr. Lewis sends me an account of Dr. Arbuthnot's illness, which is a very sensible affliction to me, who, by living out of the world, have lost that hardness of heart, contracted by years and general conversation. I am daily losing friends, and neither seeking nor getting others. O, if the world had but a dozen Arbuthnot's in it, I would burn my travels! but, however, he is not without fault. There is a passage in Bede highly commanding the piety and learning of the Irish in that age, where, after abundance of praises, he overthrows them all, by lamenting that, alas! they kept Easter at a wrong time of the year. So our doctor has every quality and virtue that can make a man amiable and useful, but, alas! he hath a sort of slouch in his walk!* I pray God protect him, for he is an excellent Christian though not a Catholic." (*Scott's Swift*, xvii. 41.) As a politician, Arbuthnot was firmly and conscientiously attached to those high Tory principles, from the evil operation of which the country was happily rescued by the seasonable accession of the House of Hanover. The part which he acted as a courtier and a favourite was probably a more important one than can now be ascertained, and the influence which both his situation and talents thus gave him over the affairs of the country must necessarily have been very extensive. Lord Orrery's character of him is, upon the whole, so able and correct, that with it, we shall conclude this brief account of his life and writings.—"Although he was justly celebrated for wit and learning, there was an excellence in his character more amiable than all his other qualifications: I mean the goodness of his heart. He has showed himself equal to any of his

* This *slouch* in the doctor's walk is noticed in a letter from Pope to Mr. Digby, in which, after recommending Arbuthnot to Mrs. Mary Digby, he says: "But, indeed, I fear she would outwalk him, for, as Dean Swift observed to me the very first time I saw the doctor, *He is a man that can do every thing but walk*."

contemporaries in humour and vivacity, and he was superior to most men in acts of benevolence and humanity. His very sarcasms are the satirical strokes of good-nature; they are like slaps on the face given in jest, the effects of which may raise a blush, but no blackness will appear after the blows. He laughs as jovially as an attendant upon Bacchus, but continues as sober and considerate as a disciple of Socrates. He is seldom serious, except in his attacks upon vice, and there his spirit rises with a manly strength and a noble indignation. * * * No man exceeded him in the moral duties of life, a merit still more to his honour, as the united powers of wit and genius are seldom submissive enough to confine themselves within the limitations of morality."

SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

'Tis said she once was beautiful ;—and still
(For 'tis not years that can have wrought her ill)
Deep rays of loveliness around her form
Beam, as the rainbow that succeeds the storm,
Brightens a glorious ruin. In her face,
Though something touch'd by sorrow, you may trace
The all she was, when first in life's young spring,
Like the gay bee-bird on delighted wing,
She stoop'd to pull the honey from each flow'r
That bares its breast in joy's luxuriant bow'r!
O'er her pure forehead, pale as moonlit snow,
Her ebon locks are parted,—and her brow
Stands forth like morning from the shades of night,
Serene, though clouds hang over it. The bright
And searching glance of her Ithuriel eye
Might even the sternest hypocrite defy
To meet it unappall'd ;—'twould almost seem,
As though, epitomized in one deep beam,
Her full collected soul upon the heart,
Whate'er its mask, she strove at once to dart
And few may brave the talisman that's hid
'Neath the dark fringes of her drooping lid.

Patient in suffering, she has learn'd the art
To bleed in silence and conceal the smart,
And thence, though quick of feeling, hath been deem'd
Almost as cold and loveless as she seem'd ;
Because to fools she never would reveal
Wounds they would probe—without the power to heal
No,—Whatsoe'er the visions that disturb
The fountain of her thoughts, she knows to curb
Each outward sign of sorrow, and suppress—
Even to a sigh—all tokens of distress.
Yet some, perhaps, with keener vision than
The crowd, that pass her by unnoticed, can,
Through well dissembled smiles, at times, discern
A settled anguish that would seem to burn
The very brain it feeds upon ; and when
This mood of pain is on her, then, oh! then,
A more than wonted paleness of the cheek,—
And, it may be, a flitting hectic streak,—
A tremulous motion of the lip or eye,—
Are all that anxious friendship may descry.

Reserve and womanly pride are in her look,
Though temper'd into meekness: she can brook
Unkindness and neglect from those she loves,
Because she feels it undeserv'd; which proves,
That firm and conscious rectitude hath pow'r
To blunt Fate's darts in sorrow's darkest hour.
Ay, unprovok'd, injustice she can bear
Without a sigh—almost without a tear,
Save such as hearts internally will weep,
And they ne'er rise the burning lids to steep:
But to those petty wrongs which half defy
Human forbearance, she can make reply
With a proud lip, and a contemptuous eye.

There is a speaking sadness in her air,
A hue of languor o'er her features fair,
Born of no common grief; as though Despair
Had wrestled with her spirit—been o'erthrown,—
And these the trophies of the strife alone.
A resignation of the will, a calm
Deriv'd from pure religion (that sweet balm
For wounded breasts) is seated on her brow,
And ever to the tempest bends she now,
Even as a drooping lily, which the wind
Sways as it lists. The sweet affections bind
Her sympathies to earth; her peaceful soul
Has long aspired to that immortal goal,
Where pain and anguish cease to be our lot,
And the world's cares and frailties are forgot.

Memoirs of William Pinkney, Esq. the American Diplomatist.

WILLIAM PINKNEY was born at Annapolis, in the state of Maryland, on the 17th March, in the year 1765. His extraordinary natural capacity was quickened and improved by a liberal education, in which his predilection for the classical writers of antiquity was conspicuous. At a suitable age he was placed as an apprentice with a druggist in Baltimore. Here he was found by the late Judge Chase, who, discerning in some of his juvenile efforts the promise of future excellence, proposed to him the study of that profession of which he was hereafter to become a brilliant ornament. His indentures were cancelled with great cheerfulness by his employers, who found their gallipots neglected whenever a book presented its powerful attractions. To what extent the kindness of Mr. Chase was exercised, we are not able to state, but there is reason to believe that the obligations of Mr. Pinkney were of no ordinary description. With unwearied industry he cultivated the advantages of this invaluable patronage; and, on his admission to the bar in 1786, he was perhaps unrivalled in legal learning, and the more elegant embellishments of polite literature. In these luxuries he indulged to the latest period of his professional career, fascinating some by the richness of his diction, and delighting all by the variety and splendour of those illustrations, by which he enlivened the most elaborate arguments.

In America, a seat in the legislature of the state, is one of the first steps, which is taken by a young man of ambition, in the career of fortune and fame. Accordingly, we soon find Mr. Pinkney adding to the business of expounding laws, the more important duty of framing them. He was one of the Convention, which, on the part of his native state, adopted the present Constitution of the Union. He was a member of the legislature from the year 1789 until 1792, when he was promoted by that body to a seat in the Executive Council. Here he presided until the year 1795, when he was returned a delegate from Anne Arundel county.

In the year 1796, the British treaty was ratified by the president, notwithstanding the clamour which was excited against it by the opposition of that day; and it was faithfully carried into effect, although the same party in the House of Representatives contended that "they had a right, by withholding appropriations when they saw proper, to stop the wheels of government." The wise and upright men who then regulated the machinery, would not sanction a doctrine so subversive of order. They considered a treaty, which had been properly concluded, as a law of the land, which the house was bound to obey; and they did obey it.

One of the provisions of this treaty requiring the services of an agent in London, Mr. Pinkney was appointed by General Washington a commissioner for that purpose. While in that city, he brought to a conclusion a negotiation between the state of Maryland and the Bank of England, respecting a sum of money which the latter had received by way of deposit from the colony of Maryland, before the Revolution. It had been commenced by Judge Chase, and would have been successfully concluded by that gentleman, we believe, but for the commencement of hostilities, or some other cause which compelled him to leave Great Britain abruptly.

Mr. Pinkney returned to his native country in 1804, greatly improved by the intercourse which he had maintained with many of the eminent men who adorned that period of English history. In his official business, he did not forget the more important claims of professional character. He was still a hard student, as every one must be who aspires to become a finished lawyer; and he learned the severe discipline of an English court by a constant attendance at Westminster Hall. It was therefore not surprising that when he resumed his seat at the bar, no one could perceive in him any want of readiness in the most intricate conjunctures. In every case he took care to be fully prepared; if he was not, it was difficult to force him into the trial of a cause. He was too well versed in the ways of the law not to be able to obtain, when necessary, the friendly aid of a little delay. A single day would generally be sufficient; but that day, and most of the intervening night, would be devoted to his object, with a degree of assiduity from which nothing could divert him. It is not intended to assert that he was inattentive to business, or that when called upon

he was slow of apprehension. Our personal observation concurs with the more enlarged experience of others, in regarding him as unsurpassed in promptness, regularity, and diligence, in his office; no one more quickly perceived the strength or weakness of a cause; and his mind, at once rapid and comprehensive, was so thoroughly embued with legal principles, that he could instantly apply them to the case in hand; but, when he entered upon the trial of a cause, he seemed to consider it as a public exhibition, in which public applause as well as a verdict was to be obtained. To accomplish these objects all his powers were severely tasked. In the most palmy state of his fame, he seemed, on every such occasion, to disdain all that he had previously acquired, and to contend as if he were then wrestling with fortune, for the first time, under the most desperate contingencies.

At the bar he had few equals and no superiors. His great excellence consisted in a thorough knowledge, clear conception, and lucid explanation, of the principles of law; to which he added extraordinary powers of analysis, strength of argument, and felicity of illustration. His style and delivery cannot be recommended to the imitation of young advocates. The former, though often beautiful, was frequently turgid and strained; abounding in false ornaments and laboured metaphors, which were introduced with little taste or judgment. They were calculated to dazzle for the moment, but not to endure; and ought therefore to be avoided by those who aspire to solid and permanent fame. In his delivery he was declamatory and violent; far beyond the utmost limits of nature. Yet with all these grave objections, he was a powerful pleader, for few could resist the force and fluency of his style, or contend against the various and profound learning, which he brought to the investigation of legal questions.

In the month of May, 1806, Mr. Pinkney was appointed a minister extraordinary and plenipotentiary of the United States, in conjunction with Mr. Monroe. Their letters of credence authorized them to treat with the British government concerning the maritime wrongs which had been committed by the subjects of that power, and the regulation of commerce and navigation between the parties. When they arrived in London, they found Mr. Fox's party at the head of affairs. The illness and subsequent demise of that statesman presented serious obstacles to the progress of the negotiation. Lords Holland and Auckland were at length appointed to meet our plenipotentiaries; and a treaty was concluded with them, on all the points which had formed the object of their mission, and on terms which they supposed their government would approve. But the arrangement did not suit the views of Mr. Jefferson, who was then the chief magistrate of this country; and he returned the treaty without showing even so much consideration for the judgment of our ministers as to communicate the result of their negotiations to the senate of the United States.

On the 8th of March, 1808, the secretary of state transmitted to Mr. Pinkney a commission, as successor to Mr. Monroe, in the legation at London. It is not our intention to follow him through all the perplexities in which this mission was involved. After endeavouring in vain, for the space of three years, to obtain another treaty, he returned to his native country; and in 1812 he was appointed attorney-general of the United States.

From that period he pursued his profession with signal success, until 1816, when he was once more sent abroad in a diplomatic capacity. The courts of Naples and Russia formed the scenes in which his ardent mind was again brought into collision with the politic arts of European statesmen. From these missions, he soon returned to his favourite pursuits.

He was a member of the senate of the United States for a short period; but, with this exception, the embassy to Russia was the last of his public employments.

The public missions in which Mr. Pinkney was employed, occupied seven years of his life, for which he received about 120,000 dollars.

In the latter end of February, 1822, he was seized with a fit of illness, occasioned by the great exertions which he had made in a cause in which he was engaged. It is said that he had employed himself a whole night in preparing for the labours of the ensuing day. He contracted a severe cold, and was not able to deliver what had cost him so much toil and privation. He endeavoured to surmount these obstacles; but the struggle was too violent; he burst the chords of life; and fell on the theatre of his greatness, and in the plenitude of his fame!

FACT OR FICTION?

1. *No Fiction, a Narrative founded on recent and interesting Facts.* By Andrew Reed. Seventh Edition. Westley, Longman. London. 2 vols. crown 8vo. pp. viii. and 667. 1823.
2. *Memoirs of Francis Barnett, the Lefevre of No Fiction, and a review of that work, with letters and authentic documents.* Barnett. London. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. xxxv. and 760. 1823.
3. *Martha; a Memorial of an only and beloved Sister.* By Andrew Reed, Author of No Fiction. 8vo. 2 vols. pp. xii. and 642. Westley, Longman. London. 1823.
4. *A Reply to Mr. Reed's Advertisement to the Seventh Edition of No Fiction, with a Review of Martha.* By Francis Barnett, Author of Memoirs of Himself. 12mo. pp. 48. Barnett. London. 1823.

To a considerable portion of our readers it may occasion some surprise, that we judge it necessary to notice, in any way, the volumes which are named at the head of this article. They may be

regarded as calculated to excite an ephemeral interest, and then to sink into deserved oblivion. And certainly if our readers think thus of them, their opinion nearly coincides with our own. There are some works which may not improperly be compared to the squibs and crackers which fly about on a night of rejoicing. They excite attention, but not on account of their beauty or their utility. They emit sparks, but afford no such light as can at all assist the traveller in discovering his road; and, after their few short moments of useless splendour are past, all that remains of them is a noxious vapour to annoy the bystanders. Such (we venture to assert) is, or will be, the case with some at least of the works now before us. They have attracted, and do still attract some considerable attention, but not by any peculiar merit which they possess. They give something in the form of instruction, but still in such a way that we can augur little good from it; and we doubt not that very soon they will be either entirely forgotten, or, if remembered at all, it will only be on account of the unhallowed feelings, which they have inspired, and the disgrace of religion, which they have occasioned.

It is not therefore on account of their intrinsic value that we bring them before our readers; but because the first of them, if not the third also, belongs to the class of religious novels. We believe, that fictitious works of this kind are producing a considerable effect upon the religious character of many persons in the present day, and that it may therefore be no useless occupation to examine, how far that influence is of beneficial tendency.

But, before we enter upon this investigation, it probably will be expected, that we should notice the controversy, to which the publication of *No Fiction* has given rise.

The first edition of this work appeared in the year 1819; and though it was anonymous, the very title obtained a considerable degree of credence to the truth of its statements. But in addition to the declaration, contained in the title, there was in the preface a plain assurance, that though some liberties had been taken in the arrangement of connecting circumstances, still the leading and most extraordinary facts were rather *under* than *over-stated*. This was the solemn assertion of an author, who, though unknown, still made large professions of writing merely for the benefit of mankind: and his declaration so far blinded the eyes of the public that very many persons did implicitly believe that they were, in the ordinary acceptance of the words, reading *no fiction*.

It is time therefore that we should, for the benefit of those of our readers who have not seen the work, give a short description of the plot of this once too much credited drama.

The hero of the piece is Lefevre, a young man, who is first introduced to our notice, as a teacher in a Sunday-School. We then find that his occupation is that of a clerk in a public office in London. For a considerable time he is represented as acting with the most strict propriety; diligently performing the duties of his

official station; carefully using his leisure hours for the improvement of his mind; and watchfully cultivating a spirit of Christian piety.

He has, however, a Mentor, Douglas, whom from the beginning to the end of the work we are taught to regard, as an almost perfect character, excelling in talent and in piety. He is depicted in the most glowing colours; and in nearly every page we find something to exalt him in our estimation, above the common lot of man.

To him then we are to look as the instrument, or almost as the agent, in the production of every thing even morally good in Lefevre: for no sooner are they separated, by the removal of Douglas into the country, than Lefevre begins to decline. He forms acquaintances with persons of corrupt principles, through whose fascinations he is speedily led to depart from the ways of piety; and, having acquired a taste for novel-reading, he renounces his more serious literary pursuits. He afterwards hurries along his devious path, till he turns his back upon all common rules of decency, and becomes a drunken debauchee. From this state, however, he is for a time externally recovered, by the hope of being united to a lady of strict principles: but she, having discovered his irregularities, firmly and finally renounces all acquaintance with him; in consequence of which he is plunged into the deepest melancholy, and sinks into a state, which, we suppose, would probably be called religious madness. Under the influence of this disorder he escapes from his friends, enlists into the army, and goes with his regiment into America. As soon, however, as he loses sight of the British shore, he recovers his senses, and with them his religious feelings, and becomes a devoted Christian. Then follows a highly wrought description of various improbable or impossible circumstances, which occurred during his stay at Montreal, and an account of his discharge and restoration to his friends in England.

We have endeavoured to give the shortest possible summary of the history of Lefevre, because we do not feel that there is the smallest necessity for any very full description of it. It is neither so complicated, nor so ingenious, that we need enlarge upon it.

But, whatever might be the degree of talent, displayed by the author of *No Fiction*, true it is, that in a certain circle his work excited attention. It was read, and enjoyed a considerable measure of popularity; and speculation was soon engaged in attempting to discover the author, and the individuals, intended to be portrayed in it, particularly under the fictitious names of Douglas and Lefevre. Circumstances, related in the work, soon convinced many persons, that the character of Lefevre was intended as a description of a Mr. Francis Barnett, and that Douglas was the Rev. Andrew Reed, a dissenting minister in the eastern part of the metropolis. But still there remained the inquiry, who is the author? To whom is Mr. Barnett obliged for this full display of all his errors and crimes real or supposed? And who is this enthusiastic panegyrist of the Rev. Andrew Reed? The secret was soon discovered;

and the fact is acknowledged: for Mr. Reed himself now claims the sublime honour of being the setter forth of his own excellencies, and the malignant publisher of the errors and vices of his *quondam* friend.

Now, when Mr. Reed published the first edition of *No Fiction*, he either thought, that he should be discovered to be the author of it, or he did not. In the latter case, he was destitute of common foresight; in the former, which we believe to be the true one, what are we to think of the vanity and presumption, which can induce a man to speak of himself in such terms as these?

"Genuine friendship, in minds truly noble, is, at once, a delicate and vigorous plant. It outlives the greatest injuries, while it is susceptible of the least. Such was the friendship of Douglas." (*No Fiction*, i. 267.)

Again, he brings in the repentant Lefevre, writing thus to his protégé, Graham.

"See as much as you can of Mr. Douglas; you cannot prize his society too highly." (*No Fiction*, ii. 220.)

Indeed he appears to have a most unbounded opinion of his own work; for in his advertisement, he gives us the following useful hint for the formation of our judgment respecting it.

"The principles, by which we try the *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Paradise Lost*, are the principles by which alone it should be judged."

But it is vain to attempt to extract every passage in which the same self-love is manifested; the whole tenor of the work is such, as convinces us, that, if Mr. R. had not possessed a more than ordinary desire to praise himself, the world would never have been favoured by the publication of the seventh edition, with the author's name at full length.

But we have a much more serious charge to bring against Mr. Reed. We before remarked, that both his title and his solemn declaration in the preface to the first edition were so worded as to contain a full assertion, that the work was a collection of facts. As such, it was generally received; and no doubt it would still have persisted in its demand upon the public confidence, had not circumstances occurred, which compelled the reverend author to change his ground: and now in the seventh edition he substitutes for his preface an advertisement, in which he tells us that—

"It was not his design, that the characters he drew should be true to *existing individuals*, but, what was of far more consequence, true to our common nature; and, on the facts themselves, he allowed his imagination to be exercised in selecting, uniting, and *ENLARGING*, so as to convey the great moral lessons he was anxious to teach." (*No Fiction*. I. i.)

It is indeed a pity, that any man, and most of all it is a pity, that a man bearing the name of a Christian minister, should so far forget the "simplicity and godly sincerity" which ought to mark his conduct, as to imagine, that he may "do evil, that good may come," may impose upon the credulity of men, in order to teach them *moral lessons*.

It has been said, that a lie is any thing which is intended to deceive. We think this a sound definition; and, bearing it in mind, we cannot compare Mr. Reed's preface to the first, with the advertisement to the seventh edition, and then say, that his veracity stands unimpeached; on the contrary, uncharitable as it may appear, we must assert, judging from his own account of the matter, that he has been guilty of gross equivocation, even if we use no harsher term.

Had his work been altogether a fiction, it might perhaps have failed to produce any seriously mischievous effects. This however is not the case. Mr. Reed has taken Mr. Barnett for the subject of his portrait; and, while he has so far preserved the resemblance, that those, who know Mr. Barnett, can at once recognise it, he has so exaggerated his faults, that it reminds us of a caricature, which we once saw, of a person of more worth than either Mr. Barnett or Mr. Reed, in which the likeness was prodigiously strong, but the painter had annexed to it *cloven feet*.

Now what reason Mr. Reed had for fixing upon Mr. Barnett, as the object, on which to exercise his ingenuity, does not readily appear; but the effect was just what might have been anticipated. It brought Mr. Barnett into notice, and into precisely that kind of notice, which a man would wish to avoid. The whole of the follies and crimes of Lefevre were laid to his charge. No inquiry into the justice of the accusation was made; all was regarded as "no fiction," because recorded in "a narrative, founded upon facts, which were rather under than over-stated;" and, when he offered himself as a candidate for the office of assistant secretary to the London Orphan Asylum, it was objected to him, that he was the hero of *No Fiction*, that he had so misconducted himself, as a clerk in the post office, that he was in danger of a dismissal, that he had embezzled the money of his employers, and that in all respects he was a most immoral character.

How did Mr. Barnett conduct himself in these circumstances? In November, 1819, he appears, from his own narrative, to have taken legal advice, in order to institute proceedings, which might have the effect of removing the aspersions, under which he laboured, but from which he was induced to abstain by Mr. Reed's promise to apologize. No apology has however yet been made. In October, 1822, Mr. Barnett, under the name which Mr. Reed had given to him, issued an advertisement of an intended series of Letters to Douglas, the design of which was to be, to give a real statement of facts, and to expose the character of Douglas. In consequence of this, Mr. Reed wrote a letter, not to Lefevre, but to Mr. Barnett, threatening to publish a full justification of himself, with an overwhelming exposure of the character of his antagonist, in case he should render such a step necessary. This letter, with a reply to it, Mr. Barnett published. But Mr. Reed, instead of bringing forward his full justification, preferred a bill of indictment

against the publisher, which bill was ignored; and in May, 1823, Mr. Barnett sent out his Memoir of himself.

In this work, he enters into a most wearisome detail, and produces a variety of documents, for the purpose of proving, that he is not such a man as he is represented to be in *No Fiction*: and in this we think he has succeeded, chiefly by means of his documents, which he fairly and ingenuously offers to exhibit in their original form to any one, who may be disposed to examine the matter with complete accuracy.

Had he done no more than this, we should have certainly regarded him as acting in such a manner as was justifiable or even commendable. But we cannot approve the spirit which pervades his work. We do indeed pity him, and can make large allowances for him: for it must be almost insupportably galling, to be pilloried as he has been. But, as he makes some profession of religious feeling, we must remind him, that the spirit which he manifests, is the very opposite to that of Him "who when he was reviled, reviled not again," and that, before he can himself enjoy the sweet sense of pardoning mercy, he must learn to forgive, to pity, and to pray for his calumniator. Till, however, it is fairly and fully shown, that the documents to which he refers, have either no existence, or are forgeries, we must regard it, as a point, which will not admit of dispute, that Mr. Reed has been guilty of publishing a most disgusting series of calumnies.

Here then we must leave this controversy, repeating our opinion, that Mr. Reed has, upon his own showing, forfeited all claim to public confidence; and that Mr. Barnett, in his eagerness to expose his opponent, has resorted to means, utterly unjustifiable upon any Christian principle whatever.

Having reluctantly been compelled to form such an opinion respecting *No Fiction*, it can hardly be supposed, that we should open another publication by the same author, with any very favourable prepossessions. Mr. Reed may, for aught we know, be an ingenious man. He may be acquainted with some parts of theology. He may be dextrous in composing sermons. But he is the author of *No Fiction*. Therefore let him never again publish any thing, which has to do with facts!

The two volumes, to which Mr. Reed has prefixed the title of "Martha," profess to be a memoir of his only sister, who died in the year 1821. We acknowledge, that it is with considerable reluctance, that we offer any criticisms upon them. If Mr. Reed had only made known his fond affection for "an only and beloved sister," in a somewhat indiscreet manner, the circumstances, under which his work was composed, would probably have disarmed critical severity, and we might have allowed it to go quietly down to that oblivion for which it seems to be peculiarly adapted. From what Mr. R. has told us of his sister, after making due allowance for his "enlargement" of facts, we feel disposed to think, that, in her station of life, she was an useful and respectable young wo-

man, and that she was blessed with a considerable share of piety; but then it is to be remembered, that a young woman may possess much respectability and much piety, and may even be the means of doing some good in the world, while still it is perfectly unnecessary that her life should be recorded in two octavo volumes.

We would not, however, undervalue the character of Martha Reed. Mr. Barnett has indeed in his memoir, and in the review, which he has published, made her appear sufficiently ridiculous. But we have no evidence whatever to corroborate his assertions; and we would therefore endeavour to view her in the most favourable light, and rank her among that increasingly numerous class, as we hope, of young persons, upon whom the Christian patriot can look with heartfelt satisfaction, who by the quiet and unostentatious discharge of their humble duties in domestic life, diffuse comfort in their family circles, while those hours, which are not thus occupied, are devoted to modest endeavours to relieve the suffering, and to diminish the ignorance of their poorer neighbours.

But Mr. Reed delights in the marvellous, and has interspersed his account of his departed sister, with many a tale, which seems to exceed the bounds of possibility, and which compels us to rank this work also, as well as the former, among religious novels.

In proof of this, we would advert to his catalogue of the works, which his sister studied during a two years' course of reading under his tuition. The catalogue is too long for extracting, though it was all studied (and some parts of it would require deep study) at a period when according to his own account (p. 182) she could not have more than five hours a day for such occupation. He seems also, as a novel is nothing without a love-tale, to have been satisfied, that something on the subject of the tender passion was necessary, in order that his work might be sufficiently captivating. He has therefore given us a chapter with the title of "Embarrassment," which he begins by informing us that

"Unquestionably, the most sacred duty of the biographer is, *to state the truth. I do not*" (he proceeds) "understand, however, that in the most conscientious discharge of this duty, it is necessary to state *all* that is true. Much that is trivial and detached may be suppressed, not only without injury, but with advantage." (I. 105.)

In these sentiments we most heartily concur, and in conformity to them we think, that the whole of this chapter might have been suppressed, not only without injury, but with advantage. Indeed we can hardly conceive, how the same man who wrote the severe and (upon the whole) just strictures upon novels, which may be found in *No Fiction*, can possess sufficient hardihood to annex his name to this chapter—a chapter which* speaks unutterable things against the good judgment of his sister, and which equals almost any portion of the writings of the higher class of our novelists, in its tendency to awaken feelings in the youthful mind, calculated to destroy its peace and to unfit it for the discharge of duty. The purport of the chapter is briefly this, to inform us, that Martha was

at one period rendered unhappy by finding, that a young man had meant nothing by some attentions, which he paid her, and by which she unfortunately had allowed her affections to be captivated.

Such is the sum total of this part of her tale: and surely, if Mr. Reed had possessed one particle of genuine sensibility, he would never have suffered this account to find its way into a memorial of an only beloved sister. But so far is he from suppressing it, that he spreads it over twenty-two octavo pages; and then concludes his recital by the following sickening exclamation.

"And oh, if there be any sorrow, natural to our suffering state, that makes its way direct to heaven, it must be that pure, deep, unutterable sorrow of the virgin heart, which scorns to tarry on earth, and which arises from insincere professions and inconstant attachments!" (I. 126.)

The style both of this work and of *No Fiction* is precisely that which might be expected from their character in other respects. We subjoin, as a specimen, the reverend Author's account of Martha's closing scene.

"—The body stirred, and called up my attention—I hung over it, and explored the features, hoping yet for some sign of love and consciousness—but there was no spirit visible there! 'My dear!' I said. Her eyes, still true to her love, wandered in search of their object—but no! the film of death hung too heavily upon them.

"Disappointed at this, the hand which had seemed to be lifeless so long, made an effort to creep towards me. The sight was too affecting. I put my hand into hers, and brought it on its way. I pressed it. It made a feeble and painful effort to return the pressure. 'My dear!' I repeated. She made a last effort to raise her eyelids, but in vain! Her lips moved, and I bent my ear for some expression of hope and peace. *My—brother!* they whispered. Those gentle, affectionate, dying sounds will always dwell in my ear; but there was yet (I can scarcely tell why) *another name* I wished once more to pass those lips! I said—there is a name that is far dearer to you than even that of brother. She made an effort to speak again—but the lips refused to do their bidding. I watched them intensely. They became fixed, and the eyelids had sunk to their former position! I pressed my finger on her pulse. It came and went; it fluttered and faltered; it stopped and revived most ominously!"

"I was relieved by the arrival of the family. Her mother, Eliza, and Maria, came into the chamber successively; and without saying a word, they marked the change, and took their place beside me. It was a solemn hour. We could not move; could not speak; could not weep. We were standing on the verge of two worlds. This world never appeared so shadowy; heaven never appeared so near. It seemed, as though a breath would waft aside the thin veil, which separated us from eternity, and faith and imagination were alive to the presence of ministering spirits, who were expected each moment to convey a sister spirit to all the grandeur and blessedness which it can reveal."

"The object of our motionless and fixed attention lay, as in a profound sleep, only that the respiration was becoming longer and deeper. Our own breathing, by sympathy, was made more difficult.

"It became deeper—and deeper—and deeper! After each act of respiration, there was a dreadful hesitancy, whether it should be renewed any more!

"It was renewed—once—and again—and then lost forever!

"That moment our breath was suspended—and all was still as death, silent as the grave.

"The next minute we recovered our inspiration by an hysterical effort; trembling seized us; we fell back in our seats, and burst into a flood of tears." (II. 209—212.)

And here we desire to take our leave of the works of the Rev. Andrew Reed: and we do this with the solemn assurance that we

feel no ill-will towards him. If our strictures bear any appearance of severity, it is only because truth and duty compel us so to speak. We are constrained to regard him, as having grievously sinned against both the public and the individuals, whom he has made the subjects of his works; and our sincere desire for him is, that he may see the error of his ways, and may have grace for the future in simplicity and godly sincerity to have his conversation in the world.

We must not however forget our original purpose to make some remarks upon the general tendency of that class of works to which *No Fiction* belongs.

• • • We are most ready to hope, that some works of this class have to a certain extent been useful, and that perhaps religious instruction will be received through their medium by some persons, who would not tolerate it in any other form: and yet we believe, that there are dangerous tendencies even in the most unexceptionable of these writings.

The old laborious methods of acquiring knowledge are by no means adapted to the taste of the present generation. Hence we find, that invention is continually upon the rack, to discover methods of communicating instruction, with the least possible demand upon the patient labour of the pupil; and daily do we hear of fresh plans for producing men of learning without study. Now to all this we are antiquated enough to have serious objections. Not indeed that we would place needless difficulties in the paths of knowledge; but we believe, that in many cases the mere knowledge, that is acquired, is of small value, in comparison with the habit of attention and of patient investigation, which is produced in the process of acquiring that knowledge. In this respect the faculties of the mind resemble those of the body. Neither the one nor the other will ever attain perfection without exercise: and we are decidedly of opinion, that the various fashionable schemes for educating youth without mental labour, have a direct tendency to breed up for us a race of men with infantile minds. And perhaps we shall not be greatly mistaken, if we say, that a considerable portion of that vanity and self-confidence, which unhappily characterize the majority of those who are now arriving at maturity, may be traced to the fact, that they have been exempted from their due share of labour during their education, and so have prematurely been enabled to make a show of knowledge, while their intellectual faculties have not been called to that kind of exertion, which is necessary to give them stability and consistence.

We feel, however, that we are digressing from our main subject; though perhaps it will appear, that these remarks upon education may, to a considerable extent be applied to the attempt to give religious instruction by means of works of fiction. It is very true that the great and fundamental doctrines and precepts of religion are plain and simple, and easy to be understood; and yet it is no less true, that they demand application of mind, and that no one

will ever possess any competent knowledge of them, who will not bestow labour upon the pursuit: and we do not think that the instruction conveyed in mere works of fiction will often be found such as tends to call forth vigour of thought. They are rather to be regarded as means of amusement, than as affording subjects for devout study and prayer; and, being such, they tend more to augment the number of smattering theologians, and loquacious professors, than to raise up well informed and consistent disciples. Nor can we believe, that among those, whose stock of religious knowledge is drawn from the ephemeral productions, which at present crowd the shops of our booksellers, we shall ever find such solid and useful Christians, as may reasonably be sought among the readers of plain didactic theology.

But again, as it has often been objected to ordinary novels, that they tend to imbue the mind with false ideas of the world, so we object to religious novels, because they are calculated to give young persons mistaken notions of the experience and life of a Christian. It will be easily seen by every one who knows what human nature is, that a tale, in which were recounted only the views and feelings and conduct of an ordinary servant of God, in an ordinary situation of life, would possess small interest; and would probably lie neglected upon the shelves of the publisher. And, therefore, every author of a fictitious narrative, if he means his work to circulate, feels the necessity of what Mr. Reed calls the "*enlargement of facts.*" It will not answer his purpose to describe a character which comes under the *rule*, but he must bring forward one, which, if it resemble any thing which has a real existence, must be regarded as the *exception* to the rule.

But this the great body of readers do not understand. They fancy that the description which they read, is the description of the real Christian character: they judge of themselves and of others, not according to the rules laid down in the word of God, but according to those which they derive from the work which makes the deepest impression upon their imagination. They imbibe vague ideas of Christian feeling and conduct; and in the vain search of some undefinable and unintelligible emotions, they become "like children tossed to and fro with every wind of doctrine," and too often cease to search for that simple, humble, obedient state of mind in which religion essentially consists. We are also disposed to apprehend that there is a considerable danger, lest the works to which we allude should prove, to many of their readers, a source of dangerous self-deception. There are (we believe) many young persons who, having been religiously educated, are convinced of the importance of personal religion, and are disposed, at times at least, to inquire whether they are possessors of it. At such periods they remember that they have been taught, that an attachment to the study of religious works is a favourable token. And, as these works are read by them with avidity, and deeply interest their minds, they may not improbably be led to a sort of

self-satisfaction, for which there is no adequate foundation. For, if we examine what it is that interests them, we shall discover that it is not the pious sentiment, but the striking incident; not the lesson of heavenly wisdom, but the well wrought description, which engages their affections and fascinates their minds; while the same sentiment or the same instruction, read in a less alluring work, would awaken no one responsive feeling: and thus, while they flatter themselves that real piety is the cause of their love for these works, their motives will be found very little to exceed in value those of the mere novel reader.

But we may add to these considerations the very important reflection, that works of fiction are found to lead off their admirers from the study of the word of God. We hope and believe that the great body of the authors of such writings, would abhor the thought of being instrumental in producing so disastrous an effect as this: and yet we do seriously believe that, in many instances, this effect is produced. The bulk of mankind have not their time at their own disposal: it is but a small portion of it that the necessary occupations of life will allow them to devote to religious study; and where this is the case, that portion ought, undoubtedly, to be consecrated to the word of God, or to those human writings, which have a direct and powerful tendency to open that word to the understanding, and to impress it upon the heart. But such, alas! is human nature, that too often, even in truly good men, there is a lamentable backwardness to the performance of this necessary duty: and where a fascinating work is of such a kind, that in reading it a person can at all persuade himself that he is religiously employed, it will not seldom be the case that he will fancy that he is profitably engaged, and so quiet his mind, without inquiring whether he is occupied in that manner which is best calculated to build him up in faith and holiness.

We must, however, before we conclude, assure the writers of religious works of imagination, that we are far from placing them all upon the same footing with the author of "No Fiction." We believe that many of them are actuated by a pure desire to promote the spiritual happiness of mankind: we only doubt whether they have adopted the most effectual measures for the accomplishment of their end, and would invite them to inquire, whether the talents which we believe that they have consecrated to the glory of God, may not be employed in more decidedly useful services, than those in which they have hitherto been engaged.

Nor need they fear, that the absence of fiction will cause their works to be disregarded. The demand for religious publications is rapidly increasing; and the time (we are convinced) is at hand, if not actually arrived, when the plain simple truths of God's word will not require to be adorned with the trickery of a novel, in order to attract the public notice, but when their own simple and heart-affecting importance will ensure a careful perusal for every duly qualified author, who is disposed to devote himself to the religious improvement of the world.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

From the Spanish of Lupercio Leonardo de Argensola.

"Pura luciente estrella."

O FAIR and goodly Star
Upon the brow of night,
That from thy silver car
Shoot'st on the darken'd world thy friendly light :
Thy path is calm and bright
Through the clear azure of the starry way,
And from thy heavenly height
Thou see'st how systems rise and pass away—
The birth of human hopes, their blossom, and decay.

Oh! that my spirit could
Cast off its mould of clay,
And with the wise and good
Make wings unto itself and flee away :
That with thy bright array
We might look down upon this world of wo,
Even as the God of day
Looks on the restless ocean-flow,
And eyes the fighting waves that pant and foam below.

Alas! it may not be—
For mortal fettters bind
To dull mortality
The prison'd essence of th' immortal mind :
Our course is too confined,—
And as, beneath the sun that blazed too bright,
The Cretan's waxen wing declined,
Before the splendour of immortal light
Our failing pinions fall, and plunge us back to night.

Then let my course below
To them be near allied—
Far from the worldly show,
Through dim sequester'd valleys let me glide :
Scarce be my step descried
Amid the pompous pageant of the scene ;
But where the hazels hide
Cool stream or shade beneath their leafy screen,
Mine be the grassy seat—all lovely, lone, and green.

Within those verdant bounds,
Where sweet to ear and eye
Come gentle sights and sounds,
The current of my days shall murmur by,
In calm tranquillity ;
Nor doom'd to roll o'er Passion's rocky bed,
Nor slothfully to lie
Like the dull pools in stagnant marshes bred,
Where waving weeds are rank, and noxious tendrils spread.

Letter from Mr. Hazlitt to the Editor of the London Magazine.

SIR,—Will you have the kindness to insert in the LION'S HEAD the two following passages from a work of mine published some time since? They exhibit rather a striking coincidence with the reasonings of the "Opium-Eater" in your late number on the discoveries of Mr. Malthus; and as I have been a good deal abused for my scepticism on that subject, I do not feel quite disposed that any one else should run away with the credit of it. I do not wish to bring any charge of plagiarism in this case: I only beg to put in my own claim of priority. The first passage I shall trouble you with relates to the geometrical and arithmetical series, and is as follows.

" Both the principle of the necessary increase of the population beyond the means of subsistence, and the application of that principle as a final obstacle to all Utopian perfectibility schemes, are borrowed (whole) by Mr. Malthus from Wallace's work ("Various Prospects of Mankind, Nature, and Providence," 1761.) This is not very stoutly denied by his admirers; but, say they, Mr. Malthus was the first to reduce the inequality between the possible increase of food and population to a mathematical certainty, or to the arithmetical and geometrical ratios. In answer to which we say, that those ratios are, in a strict and scientific view of the subject, entirely fallacious—a pure fiction. For a grain of corn or of mustard-seed has the same or a greater power of propagating its species than a man, till it has overspread the whole earth, till there is no longer any room for it to grow or to spread farther. A bushel of wheat will sow a whole field: the produce of that field will sow twenty fields, and produce twenty harvests. Till there are no longer fields to sow, that is, till a country or the earth is exhausted, the means of subsistence will go on increasing in more than Mr. Malthus's geometrical ratio, will more than double itself in every generation or season, and will more than keep pace with the progress of population; for this is supposed only to double itself, where it is unchecked, every twenty years. Therefore, it is not true as an abstract proposition, that of itself, or in the nature of the growth of the produce of the earth, food can only increase in the snail-pace progress of an arithmetical ratio, while population goes on at a swinging geometrical rate: for the food keeps pace, or more than keeps pace, with the population, while there is room to grow it in, and after that room is filled up, it does not go on, even in that arithmetical ratio—it does not increase at all, or very little. That is, the ratio (laid down by Mr. Malthus) instead of being always true, is never true at all: neither before the soil is fully cultivated, nor afterwards. Food does not increase in an arithmetical series in China, or even in England: it increases in a geometrical series, or as fast as the population in America. The rates at which one or the other increases naturally, or can be made to increase, have no relation to an arithmetical and geometrical series. They are co-ordinate till the earth or any given portion of it is occupied and cultivated, and after that, they are quite disproportionate: or rather, both stop practically at the same instant—the means of subsistence with the limits of the soil, and the population with the limits of the means of subsistence. All that is true of Mr. Malthus's doctrine, then, is this, that the tendency of population to increase remains after the power of the earth to produce more food is gone: that the one is limited, the other unlimited. This is enough for the morality of the question: his mathematics are altogether spurious." *Political Essays*, p. 403. See also *Reply to Malthus*, Longmans, 1807.

This passage, allowing for the difference of style, accords pretty nearly with the reasoning in the *Notes from the Pocket-Book of an Opium-Eater*. I should really like to know what answer Mr. Malthus has to this objection, if he would deign one, or whether he thinks it best to impose upon the public by his silence?

So much for his mathematics: now for his logic, which the Opium-Eater has also attacked, and with which I long ago stated my dissatisfaction in manner and form following.

"The most singular thing in this singular performance of our author is, that it should have been originally ushered into the world as the most complete and only satisfactory answer to the speculations of Godwin, Condorcet, and others, or to what has been called the modern philosophy. A more complete piece of wrong-headedness, a more strange perversion of reason, could hardly be devised by the wit of man. Whatever we may think of the doctrine of the progressive improvement of the human mind, or of a state of society in which every thing will be subject to the absolute control of reason; however absurd, unnatural, or impracticable we may conceive such a system to be, certainly it cannot without the grossest inconsistency be objected to it, that such a system would necessarily be rendered abortive, because if reason should ever get the mastery over all our actions, we shall then be governed entirely by our physical appetites and passions, and plunged into evils far more insupportable than any we at present endure in consequence of the excessive population which would follow, and the impossibility of providing for its support. This is what I do not understand. It is, in other words, to assert that the doubling the population of a county, for example, after a certain period, will be attended with the most pernicious effects, by want, famine, bloodshed, and a state of general violence and confusion; and yet that at this period those who will be most interested in preventing these consequences and the best acquainted with the circumstances that lead to them, will neither have the understanding to foresee, nor the heart to feel, nor the will to avert the sure evils to which they expose themselves and others; though this advanced state of population, which does not admit of any addition without danger, is supposed to be the immediate result of a more general diffusion of the comforts and conveniences of life, of more enlarged and liberal views, of a more refined and comprehensive regard to our own permanent interests as well as those of others, of correspondent habits and manners, and of a state of things, in which our gross animal appetites will be subjected to the practical control of reason. If Mr. Malthus chooses to say that men will always be governed by the same gross mechanical motives that they are at present, I have no objection to make to it; but it is shifting the question: it is not arguing against the state of society we are considering from the consequences to which it would give rise, but against the possibility of its ever existing. It is very idle to alarm the imagination by deprecating the evils that must follow from the practicable adoption of a particular scheme, yet to allow that we have no reason to dread those consequences but because the scheme itself is impracticable."—See *Reply to Malthus, paesim, or Political Essays*, p. 421.

This, Mr. Editor, is the writer, whom "our full senate call all-in-all sufficient." There must be a tolerably large *bonus* offered to men's interests and prejudices to make them swallow incongruities such as that here alluded to; and I am glad to find that our ingenious and studious friend the *Opium-Eater* agrees with me on this point too, almost in so many words.

I am, Sir, your obliged friend and servant,

W. HAZLITT.

NOTES FROM THE POCKET-BOOK OF A LATE OPIUM-EATER.

It has already, I believe, been said more than once in print that one condition of a good dictionary would be to exhibit the *history* of each word; that is, to record the exact succession of its meanings. But the philosophic reason for this has not been given;

which reason, by the way, settles a question often agitated, viz. whether the true meaning of a word be best ascertained from its etymology, or from its present use and acceptation. Mr. Coleridge says, “the best explanation of a word is often that which is suggested by its derivation.” (I give the substance of his words from memory.) Others allege that we have nothing to do with the primitive meaning of the word; that the question is—what does it mean now? and they appeal, as the sole authority they acknowledge, to the received—

Usus, penes quem est jus et norma loquendi.

In what degree each party is right, may be judged from this consideration—that no word can ever deviate from its first meaning *per saltum*: each successive stage of meaning must always have been determined by that which preceded. And on this one law depends the whole philosophy of the case: for it thus appears that the original and primitive sense of the word will contain virtually all which can ever afterwards arise: as in the *evolution*-theory of generation, the whole series of births is represented as involved in the first parent. Now, if the evolution of successive meanings has gone on rightly, i. e. by simply lapsing through a series of close affinities, there can be no reason for recurring to the primitive meaning of the word: but, if it can be shown that the evolution has been faulty, i. e. that the chain of true affinities has ever been broken through ignorance, then we have a right to reform the word, and to appeal from the usage ill-instructed to a usage better-instructed. Whether we ought to exercise this right, will depend on a consideration which I will afterwards notice. Meantime I will first give a few instances of faulty evolution.

1. *Implicit.* This word is now used in a most ignorant way; and from its misuse it has come to be a word wholly useless: for it is now never coupled, I think, with any other substantive than these two—faith and confidence: a poor domain indeed to have sunk to from its original wide range of territory. Moreover, when we say, *implicit faith*, or *implicit confidence*, we do not thereby indicate any specific *kind* of faith and confidence differing from other faith or other confidence: but it is a vague rhetorical word which expresses a great *degree* of faith and confidence; a faith that is unquestioning, a confidence that is unlimited; i. e. in fact, a faith that *is* a faith, a confidence that *is* a confidence. Such a use of the word ought to be abandoned to women: doubtless, when sitting in a bower in the month of May, it is pleasant to hear from a lovely mouth—“I put implicit confidence in your honour:” but, though pretty and becoming to such a mouth, it is very unfitting to the mouth of a scholar: and I will be bold to affirm that no man, who had ever acquired a scholar’s knowledge of the English language, has used the word in that lax and unmeaning way. The history of the word is this.—*Implicit* (from the Latin *implicatus*, involved in, folded up) was always used originally, and still is so

by scholars, as the direct antithete of *explicit* (from the Latin *explicatus*, evolved, unfolded): and the use of both may be thus illustrated.

Q. "Did Mr. A. ever say that he would marry Miss B?"—**A.** "No; not explicitly (i. e. in so many words); but he did implicitly—by showing great displeasure if she received attentions from any other man; by asking her repeatedly to select furniture for his house; by consulting her on his own plans of life."

Q. "Did Epicurus maintain any doctrines such as are here ascribed to him?"—**A.** "Perhaps not explicitly, either in words or by any other mode of direct sanction: on the contrary, I believe he denied them—and disclaimed them with vehemence: but he maintained them implicitly: for they are involved in other acknowledged doctrines of his, and may be deduced from them by the fairest and most irresistible logic."

Q. "Why did you complain of the man? Had he expressed any contempt for your opinion?"—**A.** "Yes, he had: not explicit contempt, I admit; for he never opened his stupid mouth; but implicitly he expressed the utmost that he could: for, when I had spoken two hours against the old newspaper, and in favour of the new one, he went instantly and put his name down as a subscriber to the old one."

Q. "Did Mr. — approve of that gentleman's conduct and way of life?"—**A.** "I don't know that I ever heard him speak about it: but he seemed to give it his implicit approbation by allowing both his sons to associate with 'him when the complaints ran highest against him."

These instances may serve to illustrate the original use of the word: which use has been retained from the sixteenth century down to our own days by an uninterrupted chain of writers. In the eighteenth century this use was indeed nearly effaced: but still in the first half of that century it was retained by Saunderson the Cambridge professor of mathematics (see his *Algebra*, &c.), with three or four others, and in the latter half by a man to whom Saunderson had some resemblance in spring and elasticity of understanding, viz. by Edmund Burke. Since his day I know of no writers who have avoided the slang and unmeaning use of the word, excepting Messrs. Coleridge and Wordsworth; both of whom (but especially the last) have been remarkably attentive to the scholarlike* use of words, and to the history of their own language.

Thus much for the primitive use of the word *implicit*. Now, with regard to the history of its transition into its present use, it is briefly this; and it will appear at once, that it has arisen through

* Among the most shocking of the unscholarlike barbarisms, now prevalent, I must notice the use of the word "*nice*" in an objective instead of a subjective sense: "*nice*" does not and cannot express a quality of the object, but merely a quality of the subject: yet we hear daily of "a very nice letter"—"a nice young lady," &c. meaning a letter or a young lady that it is pleasant to contemplate: but "a nice young lady"—means a fastidious young lady; and "a nice letter" ought to mean a letter that is very delicate in its rating and in the choice of its company.

ignorance.—When it was objected to a papist that his church exacted an assent to a great body of traditions and doctrines to which it was impossible that the great majority could be qualified, either as respected time—or knowledge—or culture of the understanding, to give any reasonable assent,—the answer was: “Yes; but that sort of assent is not required of a poor uneducated man; all that he has to do—is to believe in the church: he is to have faith in *her* faith: by that act he adopts for his own whatsoever the church believes, though he may never have heard of it even: his faith is implicit, i. e. involved and wrapped up in the faith of the church, which faith he firmly believes to be the true faith upon the conviction he has that the church is preserved from all possibility of erring by the spirit of God.”* Now, as this sort of believing by proxy or implicit belief (in which the belief was not *immediate* in the thing proposed to the belief, but in the authority of another person who believed in that thing and thus *mediately* in the thing itself) was constantly attacked by the learned assailants of popery, —it naturally happened that many unlearned readers of these protestant polemics caught at a phrase which was so much bandied between the two parties: the spirit of the context sufficiently explained to them that it was used by protestants as a term of reproach and indicated a faith that was an erroneous faith by being too easy —too submissive—and too passive: but the particular mode of this erroneousness they seldom came to understand, as learned writers naturally employed the term without explanation, presuming it to be known to those whom they addressed. Hence these ignorant readers caught at the last *result* of the phrase “implicit faith” rightly, truly supposing it to imply a resigned and unquestioning faith; but they missed the whole intermediate cause of meaning by which only the word “implicit” could ever have been entitled to express that result.

I have allowed myself to say so much on this word “implicit,” because the history of the mode by which its true meaning was lost applies almost to all other corrupted words—*mutatis mutandis*: and the amount of it may be collected into this formula,—that the *result* of the word is apprehended and retained, but the *schematismus* by which that result was ever reached is lost. This is the brief theory of all corruption of words. The word *schematismus* I have unwillingly used, because no other expresses my meaning. So great and extensive a doctrine however lurks in this word, that I defer the explanation of it to a separate article. Meantime a passable sense of the word will occur to every body who reads Greek.—I now go on to a few more instances of words

* Thus Milton, who (in common with his contemporaries) always uses the word accurately, speaks of Ezechiel “swallowing his implicit roll of knowledge”—i. e. coming to the knowledge of many truths not separately and in detail, but by the act of arriving at some one master truth which involved all the rest.—So again, if any man or government were to suppress a book, that man or government might justly be reproached as the implicit destroyer of all the wisdom and virtue that might have been the remote products of that book.

that have forfeited their original meaning through the ignorance of those who used them.

"*Punctual.*" This word is now confined to the meagre denoting of accuracy in respect to time—fidelity to the precise moment of an appointment.—But originally it was just as often, and just as reasonably, applied to space as to time; "I cannot punctually determine the origin of the Danube; but I know in general the district in which it rises, and that its fountain is near that of the Rhine." Not only however was it applied to time and space, but it had a large and very elegant figurative use. Thus in the History of the Royal Society by Sprat (an author who was finical and nice in his use of words)—I remember a sentence to this effect: "the Society gave punctual directions for the conducting of experiments;" i. e. directions which descended to the minutiae and lowest details. Again in the once popular romance of Parismus Prince of Bohemia—"She" (I forget who) "made a punctual relation of the whole matter;" i. e. a relation which was perfectly circumstantial and true to the minutest features of the case.

But, that I may not weary my reader, I shall here break off; and shortly return to this subject.

Proverbs.

As the "wisdom of nations," and the quintessential abstract of innumerable minds, proverbs must naturally be true: but how? In what sense true? Not ~~absolutely~~, not absolutely and unconditionally, but in relation to that position from which they are taken. Most proverbs are hemispheres as it were; and they imply another hemisphere with an opposite pole; and the two proverbs jointly compose a sphere—i. e. the entire truth. Thus one proverb says—"Fortune favours fools;" but this is met by its anti-proverb—"Sapiens dominabitur astris."—Each is true, as long as the other co-exists: each becomes false, if taken exclusively.

The illustration, by the way, is not the best I might have chosen—with a little more time for consideration: but the principle here advanced of truths being in many cases no truths unless taken with their complements (to use a trigonometrical term),—and until they are rounded into a perfect figure by an opposite hemisphere,—this principle, I shall endeavour to show a little further on, is a most important one and of very large application.

ANSWER TO THE POEM ENTITLED "WHY DO WE LOVE?"

Which appeared in the 17th Number of the Museum.

On! is it not because we love
(Far more than Beauty's fleeting worth)
The kindred soul which soars above
The fair yet fading flowers of earth?

Because Affection shuddering shrinks
 From the cold dust left mouldering here,
 And 'midst his tears the mourner thinks
 Of Hope—beyond this troubled sphere?
 Yes—if, when Beauty's dazzling mask
 Is gone, no other charms remain,
 Well may the heart desponding ask—
 “Why do we love—if Love be vain?”
 But 'tis not so:—when we behold
 Death's faded victim, once so fair,—
 The eye is dim,—the lip is cold,—
 But all we valued lies not there.

New Discovery, by means of which the Animalculæ, &c., in Fluids, can be viewed with the utmost facility.

THE great difficulty of viewing the animalculæ, &c. in fluids, *under high magnifying powers*, must have been continually felt, by all the admirers of the microscope. An improvement, therefore, which effectually removes every obstacle to this investigation,—by rendering the surface of the fluid truly plane, spreading it thinner, and extending it to a much wider space around, at the same time confining the animalculæ in more limited depth, whereby their forms and movements become most readily discernible; and also preventing evaporation from the surface of the fluid, which often dims the lens and perplexes the observer, or even puts a stop to his proceeding; as well as totally doing away the possibility of the lens dipping into the fluid, whilst adjusting its focus, as is continually happening in the present methods of viewing these objects;—will, no doubt, be duly appreciated by the scientific world. It will render every one capable of extending the powers of the microscope in a much greater degree than has hitherto been done; and, thereby, must inevitably lead to the discovery of many of Nature's minute secrets, which for want of such facilities have remained indefinite, or entirely concealed.

The necessity of continually adjusting the microscope, from time to time, to follow the various movements of the animalculæ, in rising to the surface, or descending into the depths of the fluid, is by this discovery rendered totally unnecessary.

The evaporation of the fluid is very greatly diminished by this invention; and, consequently, the examination of it, and of the various animalculæ, &c. contained in it, may be prolonged to a much greater period than could be effected under the usual modes of employing high magnifying powers.

These great advantages may appear to many to be quite unattainable, by any thing less than a great expense in apparatus; but, when it is said, that the only addition to that usually employed, consists in laying upon the surface of the drop of fluid a thin slice of talc or mica, the wonder ceases; and we can only admire

that so exceedingly obvious, simple, and useful a contrivance should have remained so long unemployed.

Of course, it will be understood, that the fluid should be laid upon the flat surface of a glass slip, when under examination.

The Editor, by his fortunate discovery, has been enabled to view the animaleculæ in water, under the power of a lens in a single microscope, of *only one-sixtieth of an inch focus*, with the utmost facility; and also, of employing the full powers of an excellent compound microscope in the same manner, the object lens nearly touching the tale.

This discovery having only been made during the course of the present month, it is quite impossible to speak of the numerous advantages which must naturally follow from the employment of so exceedingly useful a contrivance.

The substitution of a slip of tale, in place of one of the two glass slips, usually employed in viewing transparent objects, well deserves to be universally adopted. This new application of it, however, to viewing the animaleculæ, &c., in fluids, will now render slips of tale an indispensable part of the microscopic apparatus: in their absence, one of the round tales, usually to be met with, will be found highly useful on many occasions.

Instantly upon the tale touching the surface of the fluid, the capillary attraction between the tale and the slip of glass, disperses it on every side, and produces most of the beneficial results described in the beginning of this article. The others follow as matters of course.

The slip of tale should be rubbed as little as possible, in cleaning it, as it is exceedingly liable to become scratched, to lose its polish, and to be dull or discoloured; when either of these is the case, it should be exchanged for another slip. The defect, however, is of no great consequence, on account of the low price of tale, it being to be had retail, at the price of eighteen shillings the pound; and a sheet of it weighing only one ounce, is sufficient, when cut into pieces of perhaps half an inch broad, and an inch and a half long, to make many slips, when properly subdivided, as it should be by means of a thin blade of *horn*; the employment of any harder material ought to be avoided, lest it should scratch the tale.

On successfully preventing the ill Effects of a large Dose of Opium.

Red Lion Passage, Fleet Street, Oct. 13th, 1823.

SIR,

AMONG the varied calamities to which humanity is subject, there is none more distressing to the feelings, or repugnant to a sound and considerate mind, than that of self-destruction; it stands without a parallel; nor can it be compared to any transaction in the whole compass of nature: no animal, except the human being, was

ever known, intentionally, to commit a fatal violence upon itself. Whatever steps are taken to effect this dreadful purpose, whatever are the means employed, the object is the same; and, if any measures can be adopted to frustrate such an intention, the author of them is justly entitled to respect and thanks from the community. All, therefore, who are anxious to alleviate the sufferings of their fellow-creatures, will be happy to learn that the baneful effects of one of those mischievous agents most commonly employed on these occasions, may be arrested and subdued, by the use of remedies that are to be easily procured, and which can be applied with the greatest facility:—and, if it be not undeserving of a place in your Repository, I am desirous of submitting the following case, of an attempt at self-destruction by crude Opium, which was successfully prevented by the prompt affusion of cold water, as recommended by Mr. Septimus Wray. With this method I know that you are acquainted; it having appeared in one of your volumes: * yet, as it sometimes happens that a valuable discovery, satisfactory and convincing in its results, but which is not called forth into action by the common concerns of life, becomes neglected for the want of repeated examples to arouse the attention to its importance, I trust the ensuing detail will be found useful; as it strongly corroborates former testimonies to the efficacy of this practice, and also tends to show, that we may anticipate successful results, even in cases where the patient is, apparently, at the very point of death

On Monday night, the sixth of this month, between eleven and twelve o'clock, as I was passing through Fleet-Street, I perceived a crowd at the door of Mr. Jones, Chemist and Druggist; and, on inquiring into its cause, was informed that a woman lay there who had taken poison. Being myself a little engaged in parochial concerns, as one of the Trustees for the Poor, I considered it my duty to investigate the matter, and accordingly proceeded to the door, where, on my being recognised, admission was readily gained; and I saw a woman in a most profound stupor, with an attendant pouring water over her head. It immediately occurred to me, that, as it was then late at night, the most prudent mode of proceeding would be, to have the unfortunate woman conveyed directly to the Poor-house, where every assistance could be afforded, and unremitting attention paid to her wants and distress. We proceeded accordingly; and, on the way, employed the cold affusion liberally; for the patient was so nearly exhausted, that the neglect of this remedy, even for a few minutes, would, as I understood, have been succeeded by fatal consequences. It excited no small degree of admiration from the passengers, to see two persons supporting a female, while a third emptied a bucket of water on her naked head; and curiosity induced many to follow us, who were desirous of observing the process, and of ascertaining the object and result of our proceedings. Affusion was, therefore, con-

* See Technical Repository, Vol. II. p. 1st.

stantly applied, until we arrived at the Poor-house; when the master, being summoned, instantly rose from his slumbers, and introduced us to a convenient and suitable place, where the affusions were continued for the space of two hours, before the system was sufficiently aroused, or the patient enabled to swallow two cups of warm water, to which was added some emetic substance. The case being thus far advanced, the warm water, &c., operated as an emetic, and the contents of the stomach were ejected. These draughts were repeated, with similar results, until we felt convinced that the whole of the pernicious agent was fairly washed out from the stomach. Instructions were then given to the female attendants, to undress the patient, whose clothes were soaked with water, and to put her to bed. When in bed, about a pint of warm coffee was given; but, as there was considerable weakness on the ensuing morning, some tonic and other necessary remedies were administered by the medical attendant; and she left the house on the 10th instant, perfectly well. I have great pleasure in bearing testimony to the kindness and assiduity of Mr. and Mrs. Evans, the master and mistress of the Poor-house, on this occasion; and to the compassionate anxiety with which they rendered every assistance to ensure our success, and in relieving the distress of the poor sufferer.

I do not presume to offer an opinion on the *modus agendi* of this remedy; but I can assert, from my own observation, that, in cases of persons labouring under the baneful influence of opium, affusion with cold water will restore the vital power, even after it appears to be exhausted, and the patient almost dead; but, for this purpose, it must be applied by at least *a pailful at once thrown on the head*, and that repeated every two or three minutes; for, as soon as the effect of one shock has ceased, the excitement must be renewed by another, until the action of the system is restored; and then, but not till then, warm water and emetics should be freely administered, to urge the stomach to discharge its contents.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

S. JONES.

T. GILL, Esq.

REMARKS BY THE EDITOR.

For the *modus agendi* of this remedy, we refer to Mr. Wray, who first discovered and employed it: his paper on the subject is highly deserving of perusal, by every one who feels gratified with ingenious theory, or interested in promoting the welfare of society. The agents are as simple as possible: *cold water* is affused on the head, until, by its reiterated shocks, the nervous system regains its tone and power of action; and then *warm water* with some emetic is administered by the mouth, until the desired effect is produced. of relieving the stomach.

OXFORD.

ROME has been called the “Sacred City;”—might not *our* Oxford be called so too? There is an air about it, resonant of joy and hope: it speaks with a thousand tongues to the heart, it waves its mighty wings over the imagination. It stands, in lowly sublimity, on the “hill of ages;” and points with prophetic fingers to the sky. It greets the eager gaze from afar, “with glistering spires and pinnacles adorned,” that shine with an internal light as with the lustre of setting suns, and a dream and a glory hovers round its head, as the spirits of former times, a throng of intellectual shapes, are seen retreating or advancing to the eye of memory; and its streets are paved with the names of learning that can never wear out, and its green quadrangles breathe the silence of thought, conscious of the weight of yearnings innumerable after the past, of loftiest aspirations for the future—Isis babbles of the Muse, her waters are from the springs of Helicon, her Christ-Church meadows, classic, Elysian fields!—We could pass *our* lives in Oxford without having or wanting a single idea—that of the place is enough. We inhale the air of thought, we stand in the presence of learning. We are admitted into the Temple of Fame, we feel that we are in the sanctuary, on holy ground, and “hold high converse with the mighty dead.” The learned and the ignorant are on a level, if they have but faith in the tutelary genius of the place. We may be wise by proxy, and critical by prescription. Time has taken upon himself the labour of thinking, and accumulated libraries leave us leisure to be dull. There is no occasion to examine the buildings, the churches, the colleges, by the rules of architecture, to reckon up the streets, to compare it with Cambridge (Cambridge lies out of the way, on one side of the world)—but wo to him who does not feel in passing through Oxford that he is in “no mean city,” that he is surrounded with the monuments and lordly mansions of the mind of man, outvying in pomp and splendour the courts and palaces of temporal power, rising like an exhalation in the night of ignorance, and triumphing over barbaric foes, saying “all eyes shall see me, and all knees shall bow to me!”—as the shrine where successive ages came to pay their pious vows, and slake the seeret thirst of knowledge, where youthful hopes (an endless flight) soared to truth and good, and where the retired and lonely student brooded over the historic or over fancy’s page, framing high tasks for himself, high destinies for the race of man—the lamp, the mine, the well-head from whence the spark of learning is kindled, its stream flows, its treasures are spread out through the remotest corners of the land and to distant nations. Let him then who is fond of indulging in a dream-like existence go to Oxford and stay there; let him study this magnificent spectacle, the same under all aspects, with its mental twilight tempering the glare of noon-tide, or mellowing the shadowy moonlight; let him wander in her

sylvan suburbs, or linger in her cloistered halls; but let him not catch the din of scholars or teachers, or dine or sup with them, or speak a word to any of the privileged inhabitants; for if he does, the spell will be broken, the poetry and the religion gone, and the palace of enchantment will melt from his embrace into thin air!

THE UNWILLING AUTHOR.*

ONE dreary evening on a late continental tour, I sent to the circulating library of the little town, where I was detained a few days by illness, for some books. I received a bundle of the usual class, deplorable translations from English novels of the last century, from the German of *Pichler*, and *Fouquet*; and French fooleries of the same *tonsure* by Pigault le Brun, La Fontaine, &c. &c. I of course gave up the idea of relieving the weariness of a German winter's evening, by such specifics for the promotion of *ennui*, and was about to fling them aside in despair, when my eye was caught by a pair of thin volumes, on which, (from the chief part of their leaves being uncut,) I fairly enough concluded, that few eyes of gentle or ungentele readers had even designed to look. It was in English—a story of Irish manners, and had the singularity of having been printed in Ireland, so late as last year.

I dipped into it, and was struck by the simplicity, purity, and occasional eloquence of its language. The author is altogether beyond my conjecture; but the preface, which I can scarcely conceive to be romance, gives the idea of misfortunes, which should not be suffered to fall in their heaviness on such a mind. The book is stated to have been written in detached parts for a periodical publication—under great necessity—and literally within a prison. In the writer's own words:—

"To urge the mind, from which all the incitements of social intercourse, all knowledge of the general face of nature, all the aid of books, and all the hopes which give life its value, have been subtracted, to compose a work, which shall furnish new sources of gratification, is somewhat more unreasonable than the Egyptian command to make bricks without straw; for the Israelites, unfortunate and oppressed as they were, could yet *roam abroad* in search of materials for their work.

"The writer of these pages is confined within four walls!

"The work is the product of a mind operating under every possible disadvantage and depression, and uncheered by a single hope. The *reluctant* labour is offered to the public, most truly as the *desponding* effort of—*An Unwilling Author.*"

If this language be true—(and its truth may, of course, be ascertained from its publisher,) it would be a work of honourable benevolence to seek out, and, in the first instance, alleviate the immediate pressure; in the next, to encourage a mind of such intelligence and feeling to proceed in its career—to point out a higher range of view, and to urge it, by public notice, to the cultivation of powers capable of fame. As a man and a Christian, I look upon

* Tales by an *Unwilling Author.* 2 vols. 8vo. Milliken, Dublin. 1822.

this as a solemn duty; as a lover of literature, I feel a tendency of spirit towards every mind excited by the graces and delights of literature. I instinctively regard them as forming a class of a superior order, a gentle and lofty brotherhood, a native nobility of genius, among whom, all that was generous and pure, accomplished and splendid, in our nature, spontaneously assumed its place; and from whose spirits, all meanness and vulgarity of manners, all bitterness and avarice, envy and uncharitableness, were expelled without an effort, and without a stain.—And this is the unquestionable truth. The finer imaginations are, in the great majority—as assurances of the more generous and kindly hearts. Those mightier and first-rate intellects, that form a race by themselves, and, like the summit of the Alps, overtop the world with undiminished superiority in every age—have, almost without exception, been tender, pure, and full of affection. If they have undergone their periods of sterner displays, and had, like their mountain emblems, the tempest and the thunder round their awful brows; their habitual purpose has been to pour down fertility and refreshing to the borders of the land.

Something ought to be done for the “*Unwilling Author.*”

The work, from its minuteness of general observation, and close knowledge of the female heart, seems to have been written by a female. An additional claim. But, whether or not, it is written with a power which practice and encouragement might raise to no trivial distinction. It consists of two tales—the *Agent* and the *Pavilion*. The former, purely Irish, detailing the rise of an obscure man of probity and intellectual acquirements to competence and respect;—the story of *Jacob Corr* might be no useless manual for many an Irish landlord. The *Pavilion* is the more attractive and painful sketch of a first love, broken off by the death of one of the parties, a girl of beauty and talents. The lover is *Xaverius Blake*, a name of weight in the west of Ireland; the lady is *Clara de Burgh*,—both sufficiently opulent, and on the point of marriage, with the fullest approbation of their families. Some adventures and hair's-breadth escapes diversify the narrative, till, within a week of the marriage, *Xaverius* leaves Dublin in order to make preparations for his bride. *Clara* is struck with some superstitious presentiment of seeing him no more, takes cold, and is seized with a fatal illness. The story is told by a female friend.

“ My sleep that night was so disturbed by indistinct dreams, that it could not justly be called rest. One moment I was endeavouring to fly from furious herd of cattle, which all my endeavours seemed only to bring nearer to me; the next, some irresistible power was hurrying me down a precipice towards a dark abyss, into which I momentarily expected to be plunged. No catastrophe happened to me from my agony of fear; yet in a second the floating vision changed, and I found myself crushed under the ruins of a fallen house, a heavy beam lying on my breast and impeding respiration, so that I could not speak in answer to the friends who were calling and searching for me. Anon, I saw Clara in the same situation, while I vainly endeavoured to move to her assistance. Again, I saw Xaverius tie her to the tail of an unbroken horse, which he held by the rein, and lashed into fury, while bursts of wild and demoniacal laughter declared the delight with which he saw Clara whirled round the ring. I heard the screams of the victim; and the

violence of the efforts which I made to arise to her rescue at length awoke me, with nerves too much shaken to allow me to sleep again. I arose, though it was only just day. When dressed, I attempted to read, but found it impossible, or to keep my thoughts fixed to the book. I took out my work to as little purpose."

After this ominous agitation, she whiles away some hours in recovering her self-possession, and then visits her friend. The scene has in it nothing of singularity; on the contrary, it is altogether simple, and such as may have occurred every day at the death-bed of an intelligent and sensitive mind; yet it takes a strong hold on the feelings, and is pathetic to a remarkable degree.

"With a heavy heart I ascended to the room of my friend. I saw several of the servants as I passed, who noticed me only with a silent courtesy, instead of the smiling welcome with which I had been invariably received. Their noiseless and ghost-like tread had something appalling in it, and I entered my poor Clara's chamber with a tenfold depression of spirits. As I opened the door, she raised herself in the bed, and putting back the curtain, said, 'Ellen, how I have longed to see you!'

"She seemed to speak with great difficulty; and her voice was so hoarse, that had I not seen her, I could never have recognised it as hers. * * * * *

"She laid her head on the pillow for a moment, then turned, and exhibited every symptom of restlessness and fear. At length, flinging down the clothes, she cried, 'I cannot rest; my poor mother!—Ellen, be a child to her when I am gone; she will grieve beyond measure. I have been the sole source of happiness to her; she had identified all her thoughts with mine. What will console her? So young as I am! it is no life-worned pilgrim, prepared by infirmity and disappointment for the rest of the grave, whom she resigns, but her child, her only remaining child, who has known nothing of life but its pleasures. Her child who ever closed her eyes in hope, and waked them to joy. My prospects were so bright! no anticipation of evil for, or from me, has taught her resignation to this infliction. In the long vista of years to come, even the perspicacious eye of maternal anxiety could discern nought for me but felicity, and usefulness, and peace, and honour. What will console her for this blight? Oh, my mother! may you never know how unwilling I am to die.—But I am so young, my perceptions of happiness were the most acute, and they were all realized. But yesterday the happiest of the happy; to-day a gasping wretch, struggling on the brink of the dark and terrible abyss of eternity; to-morrow the pale cold image of departed happiness—a senseless clod, no longer the source of pride, of hope, of joy, or interest, to any human being. The creature so beloved will be an object of abhorrence; the eye, which the mind's stern resolve shall compel to regard me, will close in involuntary horror; the hand which shall touch me will shudder, and the muscles shrink from the abhorred contact. Even now my flesh creeps, and my imagination turns with loathing and disgust from the idea of what I shall be then. All I have loved, all who have loved me, will wish to hide me in the darksome grave; there no thought shall dare to visit me, or picture to itself that form once gazed on with delight.—Ah! Ellen, not the world's wealth could then bribe you to touch the hand you now so fondly caress.'—She uttered this with such a continuous glow of words, that I found it impossible to interrupt her; yet she must have spoken with great effort, for her voice was thick and hoarse, and its sound scarcely rising above a whisper. It seemed more the internal murmuring of the mind, than a discourse addressed to me. I had taken her hand as she uttered the last words. She turned her heavy and languid eyes on me, and paused as if she expected an answer. 'Oh! Clara, if you love me, how can you thus rive my heart? Why conjure up such horrible images to harass and incapacitate me from being of use to you?' She seemed offended, and said, 'From my infancy, all my joys and my griefs—every thought of my soul has been confided to you; but in death I must learn a new lesson.' She turned from me and sighed heavily."

The disease increases, and this interesting creature has a stronger conviction of the coming of death. She takes off her necklace—her lover's present—that it may not be plundered in the tomb.

While she is hoping that her mother is not acquainted with her danger,

"The door was softly opened by Mrs. de Burgh, who put her head into the room. 'I am not sleeping, mamma; but I have been just hoping you were. Did you not go to bed?'—'I did indeed, my love.'—'And did you sleep?'—'I did, and had pleasant dreams of you.'—'What did you dream?' said she, languidly, apparently desirous of occupying her mother's attention with any thing rather than a scrutiny into her feelings.—'What did you dream, mamma?'

"I dreamed that your wedding-day was come, and that I entered your chamber early in the morning, to awaken and assist you; but I found you risen and dressed with the utmost elegance and splendour, and looking more lovely than you had ever done before, even in my partial eyes. Your father stood by your side, in appearance such as he was when he led me to the altar, as young, as blooming, and as bright with happiness. I did not receive him with the joy due to a long absent friend, nor with surprise as one risen from the dead; yet I had some faint consciousness of our not having lately met, for I said, 'You here!'—'Yes,' he replied, 'I am come for Clara; it is time.'

"Suddenly we were in church, I know not how, but I felt no surprise. There was a vast crowd. There was heavenly music, and such a resplendence of light, that my sight became dazzled and confused. I knew that we were at the altar, and that something was going on; but I could see nothing distinctly. There were bright forms before me, which I felt to be you, your father, and Xaverius, but I tried in vain to look at you.

"At length I thought the ceremony was finished, and that your father had placed you in the bridegroom's arms. He laid his hand on me and said, 'This is best; she is happy!' Again I tried to look at you, but again the effort was in vain. I saw nothing but light, light so resplendent as to compel me to close my aching eyes. When I opened them, the gay scene was vanished; the light, the people, the music, were gone. I was alone in the church, without light, yet experiencing no sensation of fear or perplexity in the darkness.

"As I approached the door, I perceived Xaverius seated in a corner near it, meanly dressed, and tossing a gold ring up in the air, and again catching it. I asked him what he was doing there? 'Waiting,' he replied, 'to give this to my bride; I believe I must go to look for her.' As he arose for the purpose, I was awakened by Ellis, who came to tell me Mr. Russel (a clergyman) was below."

The struggle becomes more painful, but the description is still natural, touching, and true. Intervals of religious despair and hope succeeded each other—a letter arrives from her lover, long and full of the detail of his journey—its liveliness revives her to hopes of life—she talks of seeing him again—but the disease rapidly masters her spirits—she is dying, inevitably dying—

"I am going fast, Ellen let the coffin be ordered. Xaverius will be here on Wednesday; he will come to claim his bride, his Clara; let him not find what was, but is not, Clara. Hide me instantly, bury me deep, and cover the grave with sods; suffer me not to become loathsome to his imagination; still let my image be to him fair, lovely, and gracious; let it dwell in his recollection, like the sweet visions of youthful joy,—sad only because they will be seen no more. He will return on Wednesday; light will be his bounding step along the hall; quickly will he ascend the stairs, and reach the sitting room of his Clara—but Clara is not there. He will there find only her bereaved and childless mother, in her loneliness, her mourning, and her despair. Yes, there he will also find thee, Ellen; yet, sweetest friend, comfort him not *too soon*.—Ah! let him feel, let him mourn my loss. Deny me not a few tears from him, whose image intercepts my view of heaven. Suffer him not to forget me, Ellen. When his courted mistress—his bride—his wife—the mother of his children—still, still, my Ellen, speak to him of his lost Clara."

Painful as the subject is, the characteristics of dissolution are among the most interesting of all speculations—and the writer seems to have surveyed them with a singular fidelity—yet with-

out the harshness of a mere scientific inquiry. The description is at once vivid and delicate, powerful and pathetic. The last hour comes—

“ She gave me the miniature of Xaverius.

“ Ellen, take this *now*, you will not like to take it from the corpse. Take it, I say; when he marries, claim mine from him; *you* will love it still. Ellen, give me paper; I would write to Xaverius’

“ I thought it impossible, but I brought the writing materials. Her fingers trembled, and her hand wandered over the paper, either as if she could not guide her fingers, or keep the paper in her sight.

“ I cannot write.—Where is my mother?—let her be called; it is useless to deceive her longer: I am just going.”

“ Poor Mrs. De Burgh, who had long been in the room, now came forward.

“ Your blessing and your pardon, my mother! your last blessing on your child.”

“ My blessing, and the blessing of our Father in Heaven, be upon my child, my pardon you cannot want, for when have you erred?”

“ You have, my mother, a daughter in Ellen. Tell Xaverius—O! my life is going—Where is Ellen?”

“ Here, my Clara.”

“ Is it very dark?”

“ It is dark—the candle is shaded.”

“ She sat up in the bed.

“ It is not that; it is I that am dark. Life is leaving me.”

“ Soon after she said,—‘ My hands are stiffening.’

“ I chafed them—they were cold, but this brought back their warmth. She observed, that it was pleasant. She again said, in a hurried tone of alarm, and casting an imploring look of anguish at me,—‘ I am dying—Oh! oh! Ellen, what shall I do?’

“ Pray to God, my Clara.”

“ Do you: my heart prays, but I have no words. Oh! it is dark, so dark I can scarcely see you.”

“ She approached nearer to me, and put her arm over my neck.

“ Now I cannot see at all,’ speaking quick! ‘ my life is gone—I am going.’

“ To Heaven, Clara.”

“ Yes, to Heaven,’ she said, loosed her arm from my neck, placed her head on the pillow, and died.”

Xaverius returns—is thrown into an agony of grief, which is followed by long despondency, and, in about a year—I grieve to say it, for the honour of our constancy—by marriage. But whether from lingering regret, or habitual fickleness of purpose, he suffers his estate and the world to glide from him, sinks into confined circumstances, and is presented in the beginning of the volume, yet the close of the story, as having lost all the vigorous and manly beauty of his early miniature.

It would be idle to speak of this story, or of the writer, as perfect. The work has obvious deficiencies: its simplicity is sometimes *too simple*, its language is often negligent, and its humour *always unlucky*. The author seems to have no talent for the ingenious drollery which is so great a favourite in Ireland. Pathos, and sweetness of description, the mastery of the human heart, are higher attributes; and those are in the mind that produced this unostentatious and dejected labour. I have selected only passages of this character; but the description of a painting of Lazarus and Dives, in the house of *Jacob Corr*, might justify the praise of rich conception, and powerful and picturesque eloquence. The author *should write again*.

*On Purifying Animal Charcoal, for the use of Vinegar Makers.**Bridge Cottage, Camberwell, Oct. 6th, 1823.*

SIR—As large quantities of animal charcoal are now used by vinegar-makers, *without any kind of preparation*, for the purification of vinegar; and they are not at all sensible of the great loss to which they are exposed from such practice: I have taken the liberty of forwarding you some useful information, for the benefit of the community, which I have obtained by experience.

All animal charcoal, as prepared from bones, for the purposes of commerce, contains a considerable quantity of undecomposed carbonate of lime. When vinegar is added thereto, a brisk effervescence ensues, *and a very large portion of the vinegar* combines with the lime, expelling the carbonic acid, forming acetate of lime; thereby depriving the vinegar of its strength, and occasioning a very material loss to the manufacturer.

Animal charcoal, therefore, previously to its being used for the purpose of purifying vinegar, should be freed from carbonate of lime, and all the metallic matters which it may contain, by a weak solution of muriatic acid.

When all effervescence has ceased, after adding this acid to the charcoal, the acid should be allowed to remain upon it a few hours, and be then poured off. The charcoal must then be well washed in water several times; and when dried, it is fit for the manufacturer.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

N. MILL.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

The Leipzig Michaelmas fair does not appear to have produced any thing very remarkable, and we even miss in the catalogue some important works which there was every reason to hope would be announced in it; among these are the Travels of Drs. Spix and Martius, in Brazil, which we understand are not likely to appear before February, 1824; Baron Minutoli's Travels in Egypt, deferred till the end of this year; and Raumer's History of the House of Hohenstaufen, which is expected with great impatience; the first number of the Botanical part of Dr. Martin's Travels in Brazil is, however, published, and, we believe, the first number of the Zoology. Our correspondent in Germany mentions the following works as amongst the most worthy of notice:—Professor Niemeyer's Observations on his Travels, vol. 3; Parrot's Travels in the Pyrenees; Ch. Muller, the Campagna of Rome, in reference to Ancient History, Poetry, and Art, 2 vols; F. Schiller's (inedited) Letters to Dalberg, in 1781—85. Such relics cannot fail to be welcome. H. Hirzel, Views of Italy, part 2; H. Döring, the Life of Herder; Hulsemann, the History of Democracy, in the United States of North America; Bergmann, Peter the Great, as a Man and a Sovereign; Casanova's Memoirs, part 5; Busching, the Castle of the Teutonic Knights at Marienburg, with seven plates.—Among the Novels are three by the much esteemed author, F. Laun; two by Baron Fouqué,

and one (the *Exiles*) by his Lady; the *Messenger from Jerusalem*, by *Maria Müller*; the *Baron and his Nephew*, by *S. Contessa*; *Iwan* and *Feodora*, and two others, by *C. Hildebrandt*; there is besides a whole host of translations from the English and French, among which *Sir W. Scott* and *Viscount d'Arlincourt* occupy the first place. The translations from *Sir W. Scott* fill nearly a whole page of the catalogue. There are likewise translations of almost all the travels that have lately appeared in the other languages of Europe, as well as of numerous other works, including the *Napoleon Memoirs*, by *Montholon*, *Gourgaud*, *Las Cases*, &c. &c. and various books and pamphlets about *Greece* and *Turkey*.

The Dramatic department offers nothing original of any note: there are various new versions of single plays of *Shakspeare*. Among the latest Travels are the second volume of *Dr. Schubert's Tour through Sweden, Norway, Lapland, and Finland*; the first volume of *Dr. Naumann's Excursions in Norway* in 1821 and 1822; and a third volume of *Dr. Sieber's Travels*, being a journey from *Cairo* to *Jerusalem* and back, with a plan of *Jerusalem*. The Count Caspar Von Sternberg has published the third number of his *Essay towards a Geognostic-botanical representation of the Flora of the Antediluvian World*. Several numbers of the *Prince of Niewwied's representations of the Plants of Brazil* are also published; and it is reported that his Highness is going to make a second expedition to that interesting country.

The catalogue contains the names of 2957 new works that have appeared since the September fair of 1822. Of this number, 190 are novels, 484 theological treatises, 136 works on jurisprudence, 155 on medicine, 398 on education, 184 on the belles lettres, 150 on history, 137 on the natural sciences, 378 poetical and literary, 215 on politics, 159 periodical publications, 30 on philosophy, 32 on the military art, 95 in the French language, 62 in the Danish, 56 in the Polish, &c. It must be observed that of the books in foreign languages there are many which were not published in Germany, but were brought to the fair by the booksellers of the countries where they were published, which explains the cause of the numerous French, Danish, and Polish works in the catalogue. It is remarkable that at almost every fair the theological works surpass in number those of any other description. This is probably owing to Germany being filled with professors of theology, and preachers of different sects, who are all anxious to give the public some proof of their being in existence. It may appear astonishing that one single fair should produce in Germany 215 works on politics, seeing that the censorship is every where in activity. The fact is, that many of them are translated pamphlets, which, having no reference to Germany, are allowed to pass easily into public circulation, either more or less mutilated; and that others treat of general propositions in an obscure and perplexed style, the influence of which is in no degree dreaded. Among the 2957 new works at the last fair, 214 were written by princes, counts, and other nobles; and 24 by women. Of the 354 booksellers who brought their books to the fair, eight have titles of nobility. In Germany it is not derogatory to any one to become a bookseller. Of old works there were 489 new editions; but in Germany, as in France, the booksellers who find it difficult to dispose of a first edition, know how easy it is, by the substitution of a new title-page, to give it the appearance of a second. Finally, the Easter fair of 1823 produced 160 works fewer than that of 1822, when the market was burdened with 3117 works, either new, or which it was pretended were so.

Goëthe.—The admirers of *Goëthe* residing in Berlin, have founded a society in that city with the sole intention of preserving every thing which relates to that distinguished poet. His works are to be compared with each other; the history of each particular work will be traced out and illustrated, and the influence of *Goëthe* over the literature of Germany will be carefully examined. This is, perhaps, a sort of homage which discredits those who pay it more than him who receives it. It is in the most extravagant style, and calculated, like all such incense, to corrupt its object. *Goëthe* has enjoyed more glory while alive than any literary man ever did, unless, perhaps, we except *Voltaire*. Flattery spoils literary men as well as prïinces. Besides, excessive admiration becomes exclusive, and many of the adorers of *Goëthe* begin to speak with contempt of *Lessing*, *Schiller*, *Wieland*, and *Klopstock*, and all those who prepared the way for their idol. The admirers of *Goëthe* have celebrated him at the expense of all others: the usual way is to overrate the dead, in order to escape from praising the living.

Les Ruines de Pompeii, dessinées et mesurées par F. Mazois, architecte, etc. Paris, 1823. (The Ruins of Pompeii, measured and designed by F. Mazois, architect, &c.)—"Sixteen *livraisons* of this work have already appeared. When concluded, it will contain accurate representations of all the discoveries made in Pompeii, from 1763 to 1821. Several of the plates have been engraved by some of the most skilful artists in Rome, the rest are executing by eminent engravers at Paris. These prints are accompanied by an explanatory text, containing several interesting details upon the private life of the Romans, and their public and domestic architecture; upon both of which the resurrection of Pompeii has thrown so much light. M. Mazois has been for twelve years employed in measuring and copying the various buildings and monuments discovered there. The state of excellent preservation in which many of them are, has afforded a new and valuable source of information as to the domestic habits of the Romans, and served to clear up many points which remained doubtful, or altogether inexplicable, in the writings of antiquity."

Lettre de Louis XVIII. à Ferdinand VII. Roi d'Espagne. Par Paul Louis Courier Vigneron. (Letter from Louis XVIII. to Ferdinand VII. King of Spain. By P. L. Courier Vigneron.)—"England has probably never heard of Paul Louis Courier, and yet he is a writer who is esteemed at Paris as approaching the nearest to Voltaire, in the lively elegance of his style, the keenness of his satire, and the caustic humour of his irony. M. Courier was a captain of horse artillery, and served during the campaign in Egypt. When Napoleon assumed the imperial dignity, M. Courier so undisguisedly expressed his disapprobation of the measure, that he was dismissed from the army. He then occupied his 'enforced' leisure in translating 'Herodotus,' the 'Daphnis and Chloe of Longus,' and other Greek works; and he now occupies the very first place amongst the Hellenists of France. He has latterly amused himself and the public with firing off, from time to time, a volley of 'paper bullets' against the powers that be. Every month or so, M. Courier sends forth to the world, by means of a lithographic press, a kind of *provincial letter* upon the most remarkable occurrence of the moment, or the measures of the government. These productions are considered by his countrymen to exhibit as much well-managed irony, biting satire, and brilliant point, as the happiest efforts of that prince of *pervilleurs*—Voltaire. His last production, the ironical Letter from Louis Dix-huit to Ferdinand of Spain, is a *chef-d'œuvre* in its way. The French monarch gives to his royal brother of the Peninsula the most comical advice, as to the line of conduct he should pursue on being restored to his sovereign sway; and particularly recommends him to adopt the system of the two Chambers, assuring him that he (Louis) has found it, by experience, to be one of the happiest inventions for extracting the last franc from the pockets of his people, and governing them despotically without trouble or danger. It may easily be imagined that these *provincials* of M. Courier are not sold publicly; but there are certain booksellers who, for thirty-six or forty francs, will procure all that have already appeared, and which contain about as much matter as a duodecimo volume. But even at this price it is rather difficult to get them. M. Courier is about to publish another portion of his translation of Herodotus, with a new preface, in which, it is said, he has treated with much irreverent wit and ridicule, some very grave and erudite personages amongst the savans here."

Serpents.—Careful dissections have enabled a skilful anatomist at Paris, of the name of Cloquet, to discover that serpents have a single and transparent eyelid which passes over the ball of the eye, and a lachrymal apparatus, the canal of which terminates in the nasal orifices of fanged snakes, and in the mouths of adders. Besides their ordinary uses, the tears, according to this learned anatomist, seem to assist in the deglutition of the bodies, frequently very large, which these creatures swallow.

The vinegar manufactured in London is in general made from malt; most of that which is consumed in Paris, and throughout France, is extracted either from wood or potatoes.

The Company for supplying Portable Gas, from their works in St. John-street, Clerkenwell, have commenced the supply of shopkeepers and others with portable lamps; within or attached to the stands of which lamps (of Gordon's patent)

construction,) is a magazine charged with compressed oil-gas, of the very best quality, for economically affording light, in quantities sufficient for one or more nights' consumption. They assert, that the cost of their light will not be more than half that of tallow-candles: their servants are to call daily on their regular customers, with a store of charged magazines, from which to exchange all the exhausted ones, and to put the lamps into a state ready for instant lighting, without more trouble to the customers than merely turning a cock, and applying a light to the burner.

Les Cuisinières, Roman. En 2 vols. 12mo. (The Cooks: a Tale. In 2 vols. 12mo.)—"This is a singular production, in the style of Scarron's *Roman comique*, descriptive of the manners of a very peculiar class, the cooks and cookmaids of Paris. "Les Cuisinières" may be considered the antipodes of M. Jouy's "L'Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin." With these two books a tolerable idea may be formed of the two extremes of Parisian manners. In the one we have the light and transparent froth of high life, and in the other, the opaque and heavy sediment of the lower classes. The middle and better part of the cup still awaits a French Fielding to describe. What a treasure would not a book of this nature, exhibiting the manners of the Roman servants or slaves, be now considered! Such will be the 'Cuisinières' some hundred years hence, if it should so long escape the grocer or the trunk-maker. But at present the subject is too low and grovelling to attract that attention which the fidelity of its descriptions deserves."

Among the various works preparing for publication, that of the highest interest is the Memoirs of SAMUEL PEPYS, esq. Secretary to the Admiralty during the reigns of Charles II. and James II. and the intimate friend of the celebrated John Evelyn: now first decyphered from the original MSS., written in short-hand, and preserved in the Pepysian Library. The Journal commences immediately before the Restoration, (when Mr. Pepys sailed with Admiral Montagu to bring over the king from Breda,) and is continued almost uninterruptedly for ten years, containing much curious matter not to be found in any other history of that eventful period. Independently of the naval transactions, which are detailed with great exactness, the pages abound with private anecdotes of Charles II. and his court; and Mr. Pepy's peculiar habits of observation led him generally to record the most curious characteristics of the times in which he lived. The work will be comprised in 2 vols. 4to. printed uniformly with Evelyn's Memoirs; and embellished with portraits of the author and some of the principal persons connected with the memoirs.

Mr. Godwin's History of the Commonwealth of England may now very shortly be expected. There is no part of the history of this island (says Mr. G. in his prospectus), which has been so inadequately treated as the History of the Commonwealth, or the characters and acts of those leaders, who had for the most part the direction of the public affairs of England from 1640 to 1660. When the Commonwealth of England was overturned, and Charles the Second was restored, a proscription took place in this country, resembling, with such variations as national character and religion demanded, the proscriptions in the latter years of the Roman Republic. This severity had its object, and the measure might be necessary. That the restored order of things should become permanent, it might be requisite that the heads of the regicides should be fixed on the pinnacles of our public edifices, and that the exercise of every form of worship but that of the church of England should be forbidden, as it was forbidden. The proscription, however, went farther than this. The characters of the men who figured during the interregnum were spoken of with horror, and their memoirs were composed after the manner of the Newgate Calendar. As the bodies of Cromwell, and Pym, and Blake, were dug out of their graves to gratify the spleen of the triumphant party, so no one had the courage to utter a word in commendation either of the talents or virtues of men engaged in the service of the Commonwealth. The motives for misrepresentation are temporary; but the effects often remain, when the causes are no more. This is in most cases the result of indolence only: historians follow the steps of one another, with the passiveness and docility of a flock of sheep following the bell-wether. What was begun by the writers who immediately succeeded the restoration, has ever since been continued. The annals of this period are written in the crudest manner, and touched with hasty and flying strokes, as if the authors perpetually proceeded under the terrors of contamination. No research has been

exercised; no public measures have been traced to their right authors; and the succession of judges, public officers, and statesmen, has been left in impenetrable confusion. All is chaos and disorder. To develop this theme is the object of Mr. Godwin's work; in which he has endeavoured to review his materials with the same calmness, impartiality, and inflexible justice, as if the events of which he is treating had happened before the universal deluge, or in one of the remotest islands of the South Sea. He has not consciously given place in the slightest degree to the whispers of favour or affection, nor feared to speak the plain and unvarnished truth, whoever may reap from it honour or disgrace. Such is the homage that ought to be paid to the genius of history; and such a narrative is the debt that future ages have a right to demand.

The Private Correspondence of the late William Cowper, esq. in 2 vols. 8vo. now first published from the originals, is in a forward state. This work will, it is presumed, form a valuable addition to the author's "Life," as throwing a new light on those parts of his interesting character which have hitherto been but slightly alluded to.

Speedily will be published, *Telyn Delwi*, the Poetical Works of the Rev. D. Davis, of Castle Howel, Cardiganshire, chiefly in the Welsh Language, including translations from Gray, Cowper, Addison, Barbauld, &c. with a portrait of the author.

Preparing for publication, Italian Tales; Tales of Humour, Gallantry, and Romance, in 1 vol. small 8vo., embellished with a series of designs from the pencil of Mr. George Cruikshank.

Dr. Henderson's History of Ancient and Modern Wines, is nearly ready for publication.

Bernard Barton is, we hear, preparing a new volume of Poems for the press. An Ode to Flowers, from his pen, is, we observe, announced for Time's Telescope for 1824.

Aids to Reflection, in a Series of prudential, moral, and spiritual Aphorisms, extracted chiefly from the works of Archbishop Leighton; with Notes, and interposed Remarks. By S. T. Coleridge, Esq.

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The Painter and his Wife. By Mrs. Opie. Two vols. 12mo.

A Translation from the German of "Morning Communings with God, for every Day in the Year," by STREM, the author of the "Reflections" is in the press.

A Tale of Paraguay. By R. Southey, Esq. LL.D. &c. &c. One vol. 12mo.